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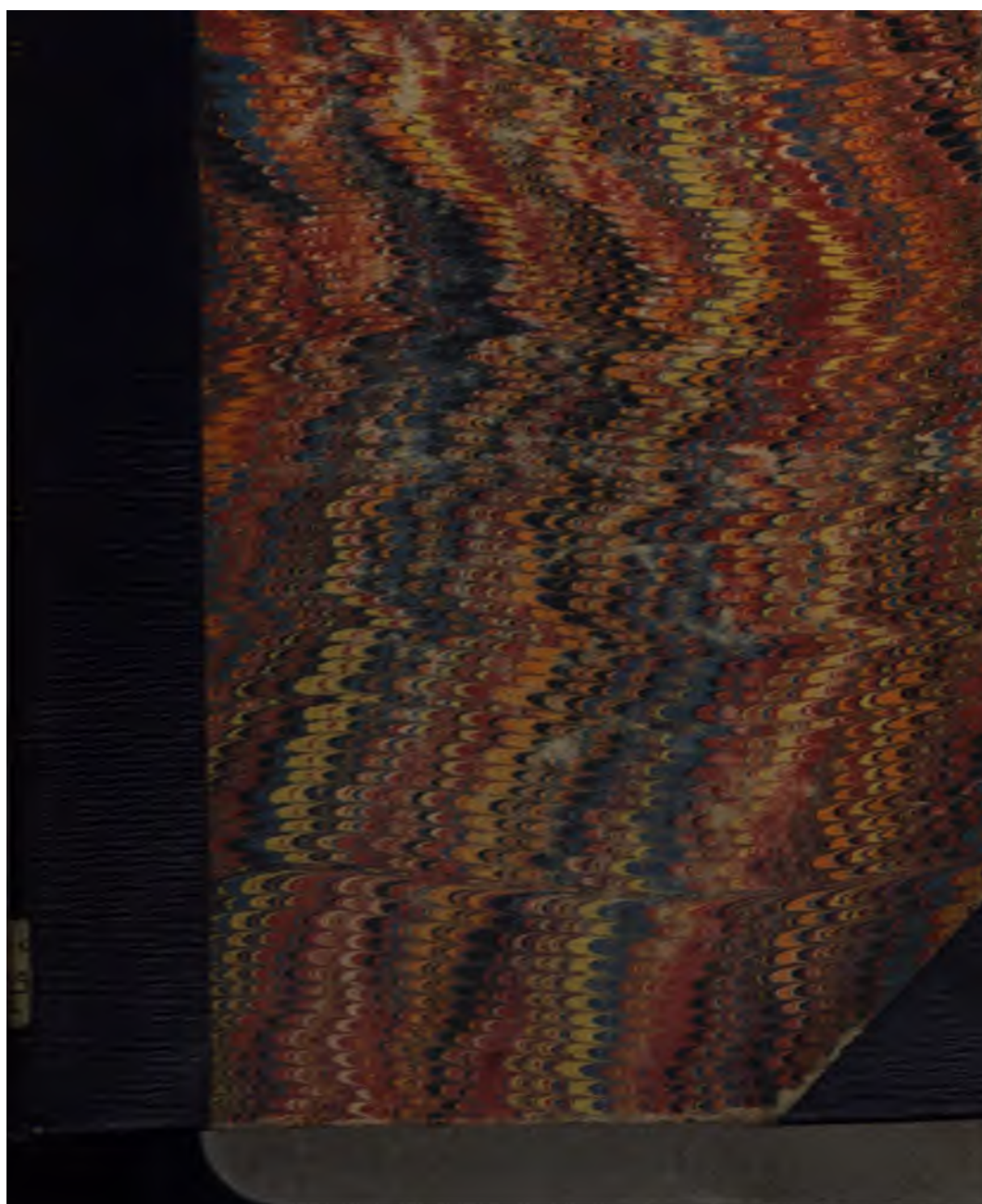
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Edward Threlins, app.^d the Rev., second son of
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THE ALBUM

OR

Original, Miscellaneous

CONTRIBUTIONS OF FRIENDS.

(Vol. II.)

THORNTON :

Printed and Published by E. A. Adams.

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1854.



THE ALBUM.

No. 1. MAY 1854. VOL. II.

ADDRESS TO OUR FRIENDS.

Encouraged by the success which attended our efforts in publishing one volume of **THE ALBUM**, and assured that our friends, as well as ourselves were benefitted, we commence a second, only hoping that we shall be as well supported as we were in our first volume.

We make no pretensions to an eminent place in periodical literature. We leave it to our readers to adjudge our position, and to pronounce on our merits; for we prefer the evidence of act to that of words.

Our columns, as in the former volume, will be open for the discussion of important subjects, religious, literary, and philosophical. We shall also devote a part of each number to charades, enigmas, and poetry.

We cast ourselves on the generosity of our friends for support, confident that they will aid us in our attempt to maintain an interesting and improving communication with each other.

Contributions are earnestly solicited.

THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL WORLDS
CONTRASTED.

God governs the world by laws. If we take a survey of the material universe, we are struck with the order and beauty that pervade all its arrangements, we admire the harmony with which all its movements are executed, and we are forcibly impressed with the thought that there is no violation of the laws which were instituted for all—that there is no family dissension to thwart the design of the great Parent of good. Here the law of gravitation reigns over all, and none its power can stay. In obedience to it every planet wheels its course in its appointed time without any variation.

"That very law which moulds a tear"
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere'
And guides the planets in their course."

In like manner in our own planet we see the seasons succeeding each other with unchanging and unerring exactness. Spring is the birthday of vegetable beauty—summer the prime of its life—autumn its old age—and winter its grave. Thus season follows season, and one generation of vegetables passeth to make way for another. Every flower is decked with beauty, and every plant grows in soil best suited to its own nature. An obedience to laws is perceptible in all. If we turn to the mineral kingdom we behold regularity not less striking. A law of numbers governs its subjects. Take a particular mineral, and in every case you find its crystals of the same form. If we examine the animal kingdom, we

find similar exhibitions of order and beauty. Here every part is formed for its fellow, and every movement is executed with the greatest precision and regularity. External nature forms a system of dependent members, none of which can say to another "I have no need of thee."

The animal cannot say to the plant, I have no need of thee, and the plant cannot say to the mineral, I have no need of thee. Each member performs its own part in ministering to the comfort and perfection of the whole. The whole frame of the material fabric presents a scene of system, beauty and harmony, all indicative of infinite wisdom, and proclaiming 'the hand that made us is divine.'

When we survey the moral world we are shocked at the contrast ; for we are not prepared for witnessing a scene of anarchy, rebellion, disorder and deformity, after having traversed regions where loveliness, harmony, and peace reign. Man is not what he once was—he is only a wreck of his former self ; yet he retains traces of his original greatness. In his soul are to be seen two armies engaged in a desperate struggle ; and, if the good be unaided, the evil will vanquish, and show itself in a tendency to kill, to waste, and to destroy. Great is the moral disorder that prevails in the soul of man, which displays itself in the most frightful scenes of desolation, worked by the most malignant spirits. We behold slavery, with all attendant barbarities, raising its hideous form in one part of the world, and finding many supporters in its attempts to degrade man from the position assigned him by his Creator. Thousands of our race have fallen victims to its cruelties ;—the most intimate relationships have been wantonly destroyed ; —the dearest ties of earth have been

unfeelingly severed to procure a supply for the slave-market ;—and, when the unfortunate sufferers have been located in the land where the sweets of liberty are forbidden fruit, they are treated with the severest brutality, being either scourged to death, or worked to death. What disorder must there be in the nature that not only tolerates such a system as slavery, but engages in its debasing work ! If we turn our eye to the battle-field we behold another moral abomination. Ancient and modern history record the battles of their times ; but they cannot count the number of the slain ; much less can they picture the agonies of the wounded—tell the sighs of the widows and fatherless—or paint the grief of parents bereaved of their beloved sons. In illustration of the devastation of war, I mention those of Greece and Rome in ancient times—those of the middle ages on the continent—the destructive marches of Napoleon—the British aggression upon India — and the death that has already been worked in the war which at present threatens to inundate the plains of the Danube, if not the whole of Europe with a sea of blood. Who are they whom the world calls heroes ? Are they men who have spent their time, their talents, their energies, their all, in ameliorating the condition of the race ? Sometimes they are, but often the philanthropic are overlooked, and murderers, legalized murderers, whose swords have hurried thousands into eternity, for which, it is to be feared, they were not prepared, are revered as heroes, and their memories regarded with respect by posterity. The horrors of war and slavery will not be fully revealed, till the recording angel, in the hearing of assembled worlds, shall read the number of the

slain, from the murder of righteous Abel to the last whose blood shall be spilled. Surely the aspect of the moral world presents a striking contrast to that of the physical. In the latter we observed the prevalence of laws, and an adaptation of each part to another, so as to promote a universal agreement ; but in the former we perceive a disregard for law, and instead of order, misrule. We cannot imagine that this scene of moral anarchy was the ultimate end God had in view in creating the world :—we cannot suppose that the earth was formed merely for a stage whereon men were to execute their frightful deeds :—we cannot believe that the successive generations of men are to continue in such a state for ever. God is the author of peace and the lover of concord, and He will restore unity among mankind, and send peace instead of the sword. Then shall all the creatures of God praise Him.

The true, the lovely, and the good should coexist in the soul ; and I doubt not they did hold their places there side by side, when man came from the hands of his Maker, and they continued there in sweet harmony so long as the image of heaven in his soul was unsullied. If they do not now coexist, it was man himself who dissociated what God had joined together ;—it was sin, the enemy of peace, that caused the separation. Though early dissevered there is a hope of their reunion ; there is a possibility of seeing these heaven-born graces form an interminable alliance in the soul, from which they have been exiled.

Junior.

Mr. Editor,

Little longer time than six weeks has passed over us, since we were experiencing the full severities of winter, and, even till within a fortnight of this date, a keen, frosty air may be said to have generally prevailed.

The frost of January, not only brought destruction to nearly all the vegetables in the gardens, but also left the pastures withered and dead, and caused the country to assume the look of a fallow or barren field. If then the severity of winter had such paralyzing effects upon vegetable life as apparently to threaten its very existence, it becomes a question certainly worthy our consideration, how animal life, exposed to the operation of the same inclement weather could escape being wholly and irremediably destroyed.

I am led to this subject by the appearance of a great number of cobwebs, which were suddenly made to cover the fields at the beginning of last week.

The forethought of man provides beforehand shelter and fodder for some of the larger animals, and the instinct of others, and of a few insects secures to themselves a winter habitation, and supply of food. But there may be found hundreds of instances among the lower orders of creation, where no such provision is made, and even where these living things have not the power given them of seeking for themselves a sheltered situation.

We experienced only a few days sunshine and spring-like weather, the smaller birds were singing, the rooks had begun to build their nests, and the whole face of nature seemed to be rejoic-

ing in the change of temperature, when many insects awoke to their employments, and made their presence visible by their works. In a very few hours the fields, as before mentioned were entirely covered with the threads of spiders so closely, that when viewed in the direction of the sun, scarcely a square inch of ground was found to be free from them.

The spinners of the webs were very small, and without watching closing and carefully an observer could scarcely detect them, but the prey they were intended to secure were readily discerned as their movements rendered them more conspicuous to the eye.

Further examination will discover insects under the shelter of every stone in the fields, and under cover of any piece of loose bark upon a post or rail, in the full enjoyment of life. All these things may be said to have had some slight shelter afforded them during winter. But I have observed, since the frost has left us, an instance of endurance of cold by a grub which can scarcely be said to have had the least shelter from the weather, and which was at the same time unable to change its situation.

We all know that the turnips were for days frozen into a state as hard as stone itself, they were nothing more than a mass of ice, yet every grub, dwelling in the skin or bark of the turnip is still uninjured and alive.

I would wish to avail myself of your pages, Mr. Editor, to enquire how it is that the spiders and their prey, the insects now found under every stone and piece of wood which gives a hiding place, and the grubs which still inhabit the rind of the turnip have escaped the destruction

which must have ensued to the higher order of creation had they been similarly exposed to the full severity of the last winter's cold.

If some of your readers who have made this subject their study will enlighten me upon it, I have no doubt we shall see all adapted to purpose, and compensation given to each want.

Yours respectfully,

W. H.

The Book of Job.

[Written for THE ALBUM.]

The book of Job is a remarkable one, whether we regard its structure, or its antiquity. It is a difficult book, whether the question be raised as to its authorship, its meaning in detail, or its general design.

It may perhaps excite surprise that we should venture to touch a book from which wise men shrink, or look into an ark whose mysterious contents must inspire awe as well as interest. But we must not forget that "whatsoever things were written aforetime (in Job as well as in Genesis) were written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope". Much, we admit, has been written that would have been better unwritten; or when written that might have been as well unread. How is this? The reason is, men are unwilling to put off their shoes, that is their prejudices, when they tread on holy ground. "Great men are not always wise." Great men sometimes try to teach the Bible instead of allowing the Bible to

teach them. They come to it as instructors, not as pupils. Instead of bringing out what the Holy Spirit has written, they bring out what they themselves would have written, had they been the authors; and thus instead of interpreting an old book, they are becoming original, and writing a new one. Of course we are not presumptuous enough to make an attempt to rectify all the errors of Biblical interpreters in this department of Theological research; we propose to gather up a few pearls that lie scattered on the surface of the Book of Job.

I. THE BOOK OF JOB IS REMARKABLE.

1. On account of its high *antiquity*. Many are of opinion that the first inspired pen that ever was held by human hand was the pen which traced its mysterious lines. The grounds on which this conclusion has been arrived at, embrace the following facts.

Job lived to a patriarchal age; for after his affliction and re-establishment in prosperity, he "lived an hundred and forty years, and his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations," — a prolongation of life which, as far as presumptive evidence goes, must place him considerably far up in patriarchal times.

Another fact which tends to the same conclusion is, that the only idolatry referred to in the Book of Job is the worship of the sun and moon, chap. xxxi. 26. When men sought for a God to *look* at, as well as a God to *believe* in, the sun was the first object upon which their idolatrous eyes were set. The worship of terrestrial objects was of later date. Now since the Book of Job takes no notice of that lower form which subsequently disfigured heathen-

dom, it is argued that the composition has valid claims to be ranked, in point of antiquity, at the head of the inspired volume.

A third consideration is, that it contains no allusion to the history of Israel, the plagues of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the wanderings or wars of the wilderness, or the giving of the law amid the terrors of Sinai ; all of which would have furnished striking illustrations of the grand principles developed in this wonderful drama, had they preceded and not succeeded its production. Of the precise date of Job's birth and death nothing has been revealed, and where revelation has been denied us, conjecture is useless.

Why do we dwell with such complacence upon the *antiquity* of the Book of Job ? Certainly not because that invests it with any superiority over the rest of the sacred volume. We do not worship antiquity ; we worship God. We do not bow to antiquity ; we bow to Inspiration. We do not love antiquity—unless indeed it be that of the “*ANCIENT OF DAYS.*” This is the only antiquity that claims the homage of a christian's heart. John is as good as Job any day ; and Job as good as John. And though at least fifteen hundred years elapsed between “*Job the upright*” and “*John the divine*”, each spake with his own independent authority ; and no lover of God's blessed word will ever taunt the one with his antiquity, or twit the other with his novelty. Truth is never antiquated ; Truth is never novel. The revelation of a truth may have been but yesterday : the Truth revealed was as old as God. Antiquity is a great recommendation to some things ; to other things it is a great objection ; to truth it makes no difference.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Many towns and villages are renowned for some peculiarity or production, which we are accustomed to assimilate in our minds with its inhabitants, so that when the place is mentioned the cause of its celebrity is visibly pictured to our imaginations almost as a matter of course; for instance if we hear of any one going to London, immediately we fancy ourselves in crowded thoroughfares, or in the midst of a motley rush of people as they go along, passing each other without concern or recognition; then we think of the dust or dirt (according as the weather may be wet or dry) then of a certain sky-blue mixture called milk, of sausages or eggs, and all the delicate *et ceteras* which attend London life; if Nottingham is mentioned we think of lace and half-starved lace runners, or if Manchester, cotton goods of all kinds are thought of, but if Thornton, besides its celebrated reservoir, we remember with pleasure the mighty engine which supplies the intellect with food, THE ALBUM PRESS: for this may Thornton well raise her head in disdain of the villages around and proclaim to them that she is of world-wide renown and that THE ALBUM has spread her fame into "the far West;" a second volume is now gradually emerging from the dark encircling folds of a revolving year, and as each month salutes the orb of day, for the first time it will be greeted in its turn by a portion of the second volume of THE ALBUM.

The task of printing such a magazine is easily shown by the following calculations, which we have roughly made. In each monthly part there are sixteen pages. Each of them consists, on the

average, (taking small and large type together) of about forty-four lines, in each line there are generally, at least forty different pieces of metal that have to be selected from separate divisions of the type case, and placed side by side in their proper places ; a page thus arranged consists of about seventeen or eighteen hundred pieces of type, and in sixteen pages thirty thousand dips have been made, and a letter or space taken up at each dip into the box, causing the compositor's hand to travel nearly twelve miles ; all this is entirely independent of correcting and printing which take no inconsiderable portion of time. These thirty thousand letters and spaces require to be replaced, each in its individual compartment, making about seven miles more of brachial motion, and if this process is not correctly performed, a mistake will be the consequence the next time the type is used.

Perhaps these few statements may cause the readers of THE ALBUM to regard the labour of amateur printers in rather a higher position than formerly, and think that Thornton may well be proud of such aspiring sons.

C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

I am a village situate upon a hill so high, that I occupy a higher station in the world than the capital of my county, yet I am not *proud*, which is so much the more to be wondered at, since I have something to be proud of, as you will subsequently hear.

I will first tell you that part of my condition

which contributes least towards prepossessing you in my favour. I am very thin, and never remember being otherwise; for which I know not how to account, except by my situation, I am exposed to all kinds of weather, element or inclement, which every winter, is so severe upon me that I sometimes look as white as a sheet. As to my stature my frame is so elongated, that any one might think I had out-grown my strength—in fact I am quite disproportionate.

Here I stand upon a healthy spot—my appearance is strictly rural, indeed I am not partial to towns.

Now hear the more engaging. I am amphibious, my side being laved with pure water; and if I ever want to catch fish, I am not at a loss for implements, for I have a "line" on my other side. But I have not been aquatic long, for lately some people being more thirsty than myself, about ten miles off, fixed upon me as answering their advertisements in the most plausible manner, so forthwith preparations were made, the work carried on; and as yet I have heard no complaints, that I give too scanty a supply of teetotaler's gin, as I feared. Thus the rivulet that meandered through the vale on my side has become a *lake*—a name by no means deridingly so called.

Another embellishment I may mention, is a 'Pit Press' which is seldom made use of, but when it is used and in action, the productions really surpass all my most sanguine expectations. I must tell you that these improvements are of modern date. Years past, I never used to repine at my condition, or envy others, but always the same, so I always wished to be, but having imbibed the

spirit of my neighbours, I was not satisfied until something new was done, and I shall not be surprised, or look surprised, even now, if I do not take it into my head to make some alteration for the better.(?) And now if the reader wants to know anything farther of me, he must pay me a visit, and I assure him he shall be very welcome. For the present farewell.

Yours truly,

Thornton.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—At a recent meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Mr. Macdougall, a surgeon and missionary from Borneo, gave the following account of it. They are a moral, chaste set of people, part devoting themselves to agriculture, and part cruising about in their boats. They have been subdued by the Malays (or Mahometans) who exercise a tyrannical power over them, and foster in them superstitions and bad passions.

When they kill a person, they secure his head, in order to be his servant in another life. This superstition of course makes them excellent pirates, but on the other hand, as no man can feel at all sure of keeping his head on his shoulders, they perch their dwellings upon the most inaccessible places, and frequently upon a platform thirty feet from the ground, the only way to which is by climbing monkey-fashion up a notched tree, thus preventing the piratical party coming by night, and chopping all their heads off. These platforms are sometimes six or seven hundred feet long. Perched up in this pigeon-house

kind of style along one side of it, which may be called the street, where most of their domestic operations are carried on, as pounding rice, boiling fat &c. About the middle of the platform the single men sleep, under the heads of those that have been killed, as they imagine that this will make them brave. The people are in tribes, or perhaps clans would be a more appropriate name, as the Chief is similar in position to the Scottish Chieftain. They are called Dyaks: the office is hereditary unless the next heir is a coward, a bad man, or deformed, in which case, a council of old men is called, and another chosen.

(To be continued.)

Sentences.

In trouble a believer has a covenant God and Father to go to—in adversity he has a brother born for adversity to suffer with him—Isa. lxiii. 9. and in tribulation he has a Comforter who comforts him with all the comforts of God.

A believer has faith in life—for he lives by faith; he has hope in death—for the righteous has hope in his death,—and he has love for evermore,—for charity never faileth.

True religion is the power of God to salvation: the wisdom of God in a mystery; and the glory of God in Christ Jesus.

What will keep me from fear? but praying to the Lord Jesus Christ: or what will keep me from sin? but looking to the Lord Jesus Christ: and what will deliver me from the pit? but believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHARADE.

A word I am of letters six,
 A verb or substantive;
 My first, and last twice over, join,
 And pay your will derive.

Cut off my head and triple tail,
 And the remainder forms
 A little word, of letters two,
 Which may be seen in Worms.

Cut off my first two letters now,
 And, lo! the remnant is
 A word which you detest, I trow,
 Which curb it shows you're wise.

And now lop off my triple head,
 When nothing else you'll see,
 Than, plainer than you ever read,
 Your age—a part of me.

Go, search for my whole in the land,
 Where bloody war doth rage,
 And its acts you'll find recorded
 On the historic page.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Alas! here there's nought but sorrow,
 Trials, tears and many a sigh;
 But from you bright world we borrow
 Hope of everlasting joy.

Alas! here there's nought but sorrow,
 For our pleasures oft give pain;
 But from you bright world we borrow
 Hope that victory we shall gain.

Victory o'er earthly sorrow,
 Victory over Satan's snares,
 Yes! from you bright world we borrow
 Hope to chase away our cares.

THE ALBUM.

No. 2. JUNE 1854. VOL. II.

The Book of Job.

(Continued from our last.)

When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, he brought an old truth to light, but he did not make a new truth. For thousands of years before that master mind traced its silent currents in the frame, the blood had flowed as freely from the heart to the fingers' points as ever it has done since. The New Testament brought life and immortality to light, but it did not make that life, or constitute that immortality. We may speak of a new revelation and an old revelation; but Truth is never youthful—never hoary. We may admire the ivy mantling round the crazy wall; but the old ivy will avail but little against the cannon's mouth. So antiquity may be an admirable thing, but unless it has a strong wall of Truth behind it, it will form a very feeble barrier against the inroads of the enemy. I once heard an eminent minister expend so much eloquence upon old churches and old ceremonies, that I verily thought his soul saw more beauty in a

grey wall than in a glorious verse of scripture; and that he would rather adorn his brow with a leaf of withered ivy, than breathe the fragrance of the "Rose of Sharon". He was very brilliant when he spoke of the crumbling stones and fallen moss of an ecclesiastical fabric; but he was wonderfully flat when he came to the Foundation Stone of Zion, and the Chief Corner of Christ's spiritual temple.

Now we do not point to the antiquity of the book of Job, as if we found truths in it which have become memorable from age; but our souls cannot help in some way being moved as we contemplate these first dawnings of Jehovah's written will, nor can we altogether divest ourselves of those emotions which crowd around us, as we look back upon the early scenes that were enacted between God and man when this earth of ours was young. And what Christian will not give reins to his adoring gratitude to that Providence which, through the revolutions of nations, the tottering of thrones, the shock of battles, and the vanishing of empires, has preserved in all their pristine integrity the records of his gracious purposes, and has permitted our own eyes to scan the first pages of the Patriarchal Bible!

2. The Book of Job is remarkable, on account of its *Hero*. What trains of reflection are called up by the one word JOB; to how many sermons might it form a text! It speaks of sufferings unparalled except in one solitary instance; it tells of patience that only once again was equalled. It expresses all that is included in the words, prosperity, bereavement, despair for time, hope, trust, confidence for eternity, disease, distress, temptation, trial, triumph. It takes

us up to the highest pinnacle of human greatness, then down to the lowest pit of human misery ; and once more, as the "spirit-guided wheel" of Providence turns round, it lifts us to the summit of Prosperity again. It is a "household word" which blends together the instructive, the awful, and the sad.

Yet (would it be believed?) some have dared to draw their pen through this hero's name, and to cut him off from the catalogue of actual humanity. However we need not wonder at what some men will do in this way, when we remember that more than one calling himself a philosopher has denied the existence of an external world, and might possibly have died denying it, had he not one night luckily knocked his head against a lamp-post, which was calculated to teach him that, if there was nothing save *ideas* in the world, some of them were undoubtedly very *striking* ones ! Since fools have been found to say in their heart that there is no God ; we need not be surprised that fools should be found to say with their lips that there was no Job.

The prophet Ezekiel evidently thought him as real a personage as Noah and Daniel : Ezek. xiv. 14. The Apostle James adduces him as an example of patience, that virtue which is so rare and withal so necessary in this world.

God does not teach his Church by fiction ; he brings real men with soul and body, flesh and bones, before his people. Fancy may feed the morbid mind ; but a christian must have something real. A tear dropt on the page of fancy may be but an offering at the shrine of folly ; but in the true, the loving, and living Church, fancy goes for very little. Heaven is not fancy,

neither is hell, nor redemption, nor the work of God's spirit, nor yet the character delineated in the Book of Job.

3. This is a singular book on account of its *structure*. It is in the form of a sacred drama. Probably the dramatic form of composition was the earliest species of authorship, inasmuch as in its inartificial forms it is decidedly the most easy and natural. It is here indeed little more than a simple dialogue. If it wants plot, it counterbalances that by plainness of structure. Each speaker furnishes his quota in the most natural order; and though much was uttered rashly by Job and his friends, there is a regular chain of argument throughout the whole. The catastrophe is truly sublime—justifying the “ways of God to man”, forming a triumphant vindication of the Divine character, and God's moral government—conjoined with the proclamation of a general amnesty to the penitent detractors of the Almighty.

I must not further encroach upon the valuable space which others are more competent to occupy. If the Lord will, in my next paper I shall take up the general question of the *difficulties* of the Book of Job. Meantime I pray God may bless abundantly the Printing efforts of my dear young christian friends.

R. S.

Hampstead.

(Concluded from our last.

The old women are consulted as to the fit time for sowing their rice, going to war &c. Usually they wear a short petticoat and jacket but on state

occasions, as on Mr. Macdonald's first visit they wore long petticoats and an overcoat embroidered with snakes and all kinds of horrid figures. I felt rather queer, he says, at the sight of a number of these old ladies, and still more so, when they began stroking me all over, to draw out of me my power over the sick, that they might be able to do the same. One of the chiefs called on me to thank me for restoring him to health. I said, you must not thank me, but God. Oh no, you cured me. I gave you the medicine certainly, but God made it beneficial to you. Ah! that may be for white men, but God does not care for dark men. Why said I, did he not make dark men as well as white? Oh yes, but he is too high, too far away, too great to come to us—'tis no use to pray to him. We pray to him who is malicious and does mischief, to let us alone. If God made alt, therefore he made him you pray to. Certainly said the chief. Then do you not think God can govern him, and that it is better to pray to God to restrain him, than to pray to him to let you alone. Well, yes, I think it would—I will consider about it. When I went six or seven years ago, the propensity to head-stealing was so great that no one dare go out except in large numbers and well-armed. A young man went with four others on a fishing trip; but he did not return. Two or three days after the boat was stranded; and when examined there were the marks where they had chopped off the heads of the party, but now so great is the improvement that when some persons were wrecked on the coast, instead of cutting off their heads, they fed, clothed, and helped them on their journey, having first asked if they were friends of the Rajah (that is Sir James.

Brook) who has been the cause of their being brought under English government and Missionary instruction, they almost worship him for what he has done for them. One thing struck me particularly, when they kill their fowls of which they have an abundance they wave them over their head as the Israelites did, and when the blood is streaming from them, they wash the door-posts with it to keep away the Malicious One. Another time I was talking with one about God, he said "Yes we have God too," naming him. Then he mentioned two other names, when I said have you three Gods? He answered, "No, only one God."

The climate of Borneo is equable, the days are always of one length, the sun is always in the same place at the same time, there is a shower every day, and there is a perpetual spring, the trees shedding and gaining leaves all the year round.

S

ARE ALL MEN OF ONE BLOOD?

Some, "wise in their own imaginations," have set aside the Bible, as a cunningly devised fable, and consequently rejected its teaching, as spurious. In this class are to be found the men who deny the unity of the human species, and affirm that all are not sprung from a common parent. Of course, such have no need to meet the objection made to their theory by the Apostle Paul, who saith, God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," To those who receive the testimony of Scripture as unquestionably correct, the text I have quoted is sufficient proof that there is only one large family.

of men on the earth ; but to those who refuse to receive the statement of the Holy Ghost, a reply must be made by the results of scientific investigation, which may bring them to a knowledge of the truth on this point. This is an important question in a zoological, but not less in a moral point of view, as affecting the manner in which a man treats those who differ from himself in outward appearance. The theory of a variety of species, I believe, took its rise in an attempt to justify, as legitimate, a practice which could not be defended, as morally right.

While I affirm that there is only one species, I admit that there are several varieties. It will be seen the words species and variety are not used as synonymous. By species, naturalists mean a number of individuals or classes, the differences between which are evident, and are such as have not resulted from external causes. By variety they mean a number of individuals or classes characterized by some differences which have sprung from physical causes. In course of time these differences may have become permanent ; but this does not constitute difference of species. Every person must have observed marked differences in the size—in the colour—in the arrangement of the petals, or leaves of the corolla—and in the duration of the flowers of the rose ; yet there is only one species. As it is with the rose so it is with man. Though all are members of the same family all are not alike. Each possesses individual peculiarities. Judging in the spirit of "charity which thinketh no evil," we conclude that those who oppose the scriptural doctrine on this point, as well as on any other, do err, not knowing the Truth.

By the older naturalists the varieties were

reckoned three, corresponding to the three sons of Noah, who were appointed the restorers of Adam's race which wickedness had almost blotted from the face of the earth. They have been arranged under five heads by naturalists of a later date; but Prichard in his "Physical History of Man," enumerates seven varieties. We are not called upon, at present, to examine the comparative merits of these classifications, as our purpose is to show that they are all comprehended in a single species.

The chief characteristics of the varieties have reference to the head and face, the appearance of the hair, the habits, the language, and the degrees of civilization.

That difference of colour is not sufficient ground whereon to found difference of species admits of easy proof. The skin of all men contains a great number of pigment cells filled with a secretion, which colour, and consequently the hue of the skin, depends much on the degree of exposure to light and heat.

To be continued.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,—Having seen in your valuable pages an egotistical account of one of my nearest neighbours, I venture to hope the same privilege may be allowed me, although I well know it is contrary to the rules of etiquette to speak well of one's self.

Your Correspondent commences his letter by alluding to his exalted position; now I would not by any means speak disparagingly of my

neighbour, for whom I entertain a sincere respect; still I must say that I enjoy a *more* elevated situation than he, for I have a clear view quite over his shoulders: but my advantage in this respect can be proved in another way; he informs you that he supplies a large town with water, but has not told you that I supply him plentifully with the same beverage, which, through the kindness and liberality of my landed Proprietor is conveyed to him free of expense. By this you will perceive the truth of my assertion, but as comparisons are odious, I will proceed. About four hundred years ago I was fortified and imparked. I present a widely different aspect now, to what I did then—surrounded as I was, with walls, hedges, and ditches, inhabited by men who liked, or thought of little else than national or domestic feuds—nor can I describe their habitations—“horribile visu,” and what is worse—their ill clad ignorant youths—I think you will agree with me when I say that it is well such days are past. But survey me now, all is peace, from the stalled ox and captive horse, to the runaway fox and soaring bird, and from the careful master to the labouring swain: nature’s surface is now undisturbed and unruffled, save where the ploughshare has pierced the land to which the horses

Unrefusing lend their aid and 'gin their toil
 Cheered by the simple song and mounting lark
 Meanwhile incumbent on the shining share
 The Master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work and sidelong lays the glebe
 While through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
 With measured step and liberal throws the grain
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground;
 The harrow follows harsh and shuts the scene.”

Instead of your ears being assailed with the
 clang of arms, they are now delighted with the

melodious music of happy and innumerable songsters which,

—“In the freshening shade
Of new spring leaves their modulations mix
Melodious”

However, to write upon nature's beauties is not my intention. I must tell you that my neighbour is situated about a mile from myself: as you descend the hill to pay me a visit, your attention is drawn to a loud piercing shriek which immediately impresses you with the thought that something is, or will be wrong, but upon looking askance on either side you see coming thundering down a well-piled coal train accompanied with such a smoke and dust that it is well for the engine drivers that they leave it behind them.

But as this does not occupy much time in passing, neither ought I in describing it.

Proceeding on and ascending a hill which is very formidable to a gouty subject, you speedily arrive in my presence. Leaving the church (which is a small and ancient, yet warm and comfortable building) and turning a sharp angle you will come to my collieries. Should any one feel an inclination to descend one of the shafts, I really would not recommend him to gratify his desire; but let his curiosity be compensated by the enjoyment which he has through the use of it.

The discovery of coal in my district, as in all others where it has been found, has been a great boon in many respects.

You might stand and reflect on the very numerous advantages which this mineral affords till you had quite lost yourself in a reverie: but let me inform you that there is a station at hand, and if you indulge in these reflections too long, you will be too late for the train, which would

mar the pleasure which I hope you have enjoyed, in your imaginary trip.

I am perfectly cognizant, Mr. Editor, of the limited space, to which you are compelled to confine your contributors; and since I have fully taken up my share, I must conclude, remaining

Yours sincerely,

Bagworth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,—In an article contained in the last number of your valuable and interesting Magazine, the very true observation is made that, “Many towns and villages are renowned for some peculiarity or production which we are accustomed to assimilate in our minds with its inhabitants.” Of all places I know, I think Oxford and Cambridge are calculated to recall to our minds the greatest number, and variety of scenes; and a history of either town would display to the world a strange record of “Men and Manners.”

When Oxford is mentioned our minds revert to the days of Edward the Confessor, in whose time we have the first record of its being at all renowned as a place of study;—to the days of Stephen, when the quietness of the University College, gave way to the tumult of war, and the city beheld itself surrounded with a besieging army. I doubt not many if not all of the students changed the gown and cap, for the armour and arms of the soldier: in the defence of the fair Empress Maud, who was blockaded in its castle. We can picture to ourselves the snow falling, the Thames frozen over, and at dead of night, four persons are seen (or rather not seen by the enemy’s sentinels,) clothed in white, they traverse the outpost, cross the river

on a bridge of ice. Thus did Maud escape from Stephen, only to meet him once more on the field of battle. We may picture to ourselves the many incidents that have taken place in this far-famed seat of learning. We should associate not only the events of the place with its name, but its inhabitants; for in a place like Oxford, most of whose colleges have been standing for the last five, or six centuries, the diversity of character, genius, and rank must be great, and repays the trouble of hunting in old records for the history of men who have long since passed to their last resting place; and I am sure we may gain great advantage by so doing. Let us therefore strive to emulate their diligence, to shun their evil qualities, and to follow in the footsteps of the good and learned, who receive their education, and many of their first principles in the ancient city of Oxford.

I shall take one of the most stirring periods in the History of England, and one which strongly affected the University of Oxford, I mean the Reformation—the days of the cruel Mary—the brilliant days of “Queen Bess,” and the times of the pedantic king James. To begin with the times of Henry the viii.—In Magdalen College about the year 1485, a boy of fifteen might be seen studying night and day to accomplish his object, which was no other than the obtaining a B. A. degree, which he obtained to the great surprise and wonderment of everybody, and to the jealousy of a few, who in revenge, nicknamed him the Boy Bachelor. This was none other than Wolsey.

Logic and philosophy were his favourite studies, and in both of these he distinguished himself.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,—Nature has well been called the “open book of God,” every page of which is filled with interesting and inviting information.

I perceive in the letter of “W. H.” in the last number of the Album, that he found something to interest him even in the spiders’ webs which cover the surface of the ground in spring.

Before attempting to answer his question I would call attention to one part of his letter, in which, when speaking of the provision made for the larger, and some of the smaller animals, he says, “There may be found hundreds of instances among the lower orders of creation where no such provision is made.” If in this he alludes to the protection afforded by man, I agree with him; but if he refers to the instinct which secures for themselves (some of the lower animals, and a few insects,) a winter habitation,” I respectfully differ from him, and assert that the God who gave life to the meanest of His creatures has gifted them with instincts suited to their condition. We cannot say that any animal has been left destitute of instinct, though we may see it much more highly developed in some than in others. Indeed “W. H.” seems to think that all (the smallest animalcule that tenants the water included) have been provided for in some way or other, when, in the conclusion of his letter he says, “I have no doubt we shall see compensation given to each want.”

Naturalists, so far as I have had opportunity of consulting their writings, seem to have noticed the capability, in some insects, of enduring extreme cold, but have not been able to tell why their life has not been destroyed.

I would not be thought worse than they; nevertheless I would hazard an opinion in answer

to the query of "W. H."

As to the spiders found in the fields on the sunny days of Spring, I think they had just begun to live, having only come forth from the eggs when the cold of winter had given place to the warmth of vivifying Spring. Had the parent spiders been exposed to the low temperature of the past winter they would have perished, not being able, by respiration, to keep up their natural degree of heat.

In autumn the spiders deposited their eggs in such places as their instinct dictated; and from these eggs came forth the little weavers that spread their thin webs over the surface of the earth. From this it appears that the eggs are capable of enduring a greater degree of cold, than the perfect insect; and this the following experiment of Spallanzani confirms. He placed some eggs in a mixture of snow and nitrate of ammonia, in which the thermometer stood 22 degs. below zero, and found them uninjured, as he had evident proof by their being hatched. This temperature would undoubtedly have proved fatal to the insect which deposited the eggs, yet the principle of life in them, or whatever it may be called, was not destroyed.

What may be the constitution of the egg which enables it to resist the influence of such extreme cold as it is frequently exposed to, remains to be discovered. We may observe the facts, but the cause is hidden from our view. The chemical analysis of the egg does not, in my opinion, serve to throw any light upon the subject.

The creatures upon which the spiders live have, most probably, been preserved in the same way.

We are sorry to be obliged, through want of space, to postpone a part of this letter till next month. [Ed. A.]

Sentences.

True religion lies in the mind—the will—and the affections—is my mind stayed upon God and do I serve him in my mind? Rom. vii. 25.—is my will bowed towards him; Rom. vii. 21.—is my affection set on things above?—for, if my mind be blinded, if I am not made willing, and if my affections be carnal—I am totally destitute of true religion. I have a name only before God!

All men hasten their end—by passions, pleasures, anxiety, intemperance, self-gratification and commercial pursuits—yet they say, how short is life! O foolish man, who hath bewitched you?

Prayer begins in the soul at conversion, as with Paul, “behold he prayeth”; and it ends at death, like Stephen, calling upon God, and saying—‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’

THE FLOOD.

Many a sun's resplendent ray
Had oped and closed the peaceful day,
And many a morrow's gentle birth
Was hailed, and heralded on earth,
Since first the prophet noised abroad
The judgments of an angry God,
Or clave the logs of Gopher-wood
To bear him o'er the rising flood.
Yea, oft the cloudless, starry night
Gave place before the morning light,
Whilst suns that brightly rose and shone,
Shorn of their beams ere night came on,
Seem'd blotted from the pathless sky
By murky masses hung on high,
And sank in sable-shrouded form,
Midst clouds and tempest rain and storm,
To rise and light a glorious morn.
And oft the towering mountain peaks,
That caught the morning's mellow'd streaks
Ere night were drenched with pelting rain,
And lashed their torrents to the plain;
Yet, on the morrow's op'ning view
Shone in the star-bespangled dew,

And hailed again with mountain mirth
A cloudless sky and joyous earth.
Thus passed the changing days and year
Inspiring hopes dispelling fears,
Till man in calm composure said,
From thought of vengeance long delay'd
To-morrow as to-day will be,
Yea, and much more abundantly;—
Though now the tempest rage and roar,
And drenching rains in torrents pour,
It will but thunder and pass o'er,
Still, should the cloud be judgment's wor
And doomed to crush me—let it burst;
Thus changing seasons went and came,
But sinful man remained the same;
Nor saw he aught to omen fear,
Or dread the coming deluge near;
His every token seemed for good,
Nor augured aught the whelming flood.
'Tis morn—the skies begin to lower,
The clouds emit the thickening shower,
The vapoury sails of air are rent
To give their watery treasures vent,

And, as the rain descends from heaven
The rocky womb of earth is riven,
The fountains of the deep unsealed
And all their liquid stores revealed,
Whose dools with those of air conspire
To pour on man their vengeful ire.
The waves that oft their limits knew,
No longer mark their "hitherto":
The shores that kept the sea at bay,
The battling rocks that barred its way,
No longer can dispute its sway,
But sink, as warrior waste and worn,
By brunt of battle overborne,
Whose nerveless arm still brooks to wield
Above his head the shel'ring shield,
Sinks 'neath the iron tide of war
His hand clenched on his scimitar;
So sink these beetling cliffs below
The scowl of ocean's sullen flow,
Whose chafing waters sweep them o'er,
No longer tied to sea or shore.
On press the waves in maddened chase,
To gird yon mountain's rocky base,
And now with might and main they urge,
Their passage up the mountain gorge,
As if its rocky side supplied
An index for the rising tide.
Up to the mountain heights had gone
Both maid and mother, sire and son,
And now in huddled mass they stand
Upon the last green spot of land,
Which still they ventured to dispute
Even to the breadth of human foot,
A though the next receding wave
Swept thousands to a watery grave.
Far in the distance might be spied
A darkening speck upon the tide—
The Ark, at which but yester-morn
A world had turned the laugh of scorn,
Now bounds upon a landless sea
With Noah and his family,
And all the living things which God
Reserved as remnants from the flood,
Leading along in graceful sweep,
Its lines upon the azure deep.
For length of days no more was heard
The melody of singing bird,
Or lowing of the distant herd;—
The only waking voice that rose
And broke upon the world's repose,
Was that one plaintive mournful dirge,
The noise of ocean's swelling surge.

J. C.

ANSWERS TO CHARADE.

No. 1.

As a verb or substantive either will show,
The word **FORAGE** is meant above and below,
The first transposition produces a **FEZ**,
Which a verb or a substantive, also may be
The little word **on** is next plainly seen,
And is often important to shew what we mean
And now for the remnant I see the word **RAGE**
Which you will do well to dismiss from your page
Or if you indulge in will shorten your **AGE**.

No. 2.

Your Anagram, I plainly see,
Is **FORAGE**, Sir:—and then a **FEZ**
Marks its first change,—the second move—
Is **OR**,—and **RAGE** the next will prove,
The last though short,—In history's page
Plays an important part,—**AN AGE**!

CHARADE.

My first in Asia is caress'd,
In Britain too, but oft oppress'd,
'Tis gone to tame the Russian Pride—
Yet it will serve on either side.
My second, ah! it well could tell,
In former days, how princes fell:—
Of mills and ships it forms a part:—
Without it vain the sculptor's art.
My whole remains in some lone place,
As relick of a by-gone race,
Who, when a jaunt they had in view,
Strapp'd saddle and a pillion too
On Dobbin's back. Then by my aid
Old John and Joan their ride essayed.

W. H.

THE ALBUM.

No. 3. JULY 1854. VOL. II.

ARE ALL MEN OF ONE BLOOD?

(Continued from our last.)

Light affects the colour of secretions, as may be seen exemplified in the case of rhubarb, and celery, which, when covered with earth to prevent the action of light, become pale, but when unprotected retain a darker hue. As a proof that heat affects the colour of secretions, two beans may be planted, the one in a hot-house, and the other in a clay field; and it will be found when they bloom, that the one grown in the hot-house has a more highly coloured flower than that grown in the cold soil. Do the agents, heat and light, affect the colour of animal secretions? They do; and we have proofs of it in our every day experience. Look at an individual shut up in a close office or wareroom, and the tanned haymaker who welcomes the cloudless day, and you observe a difference of colour. The one is pale and sickly, while the other is dark and healthy. Let themselves account for the difference. The one tells you he is afraid of being sun-burnt, and the other says he is sun-burnt. Now this so called sun-burning is

neither more nor less than the effect of the greater exposure to the light and heat of the sun. This being the case, we need not wonder at the dark hue of those exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun ; for the cause appears adequate to the effect.

The dissimilar form of the head and face is not sufficient ground whereon to rest difference of species ; for, if you take any tribe, you may find in it forms closely resembling those of another tribe. We have seen men, unquestionably of European extraction who possessed the thick lips, receding forehead, and crisped hair of the Negro. There is not such a want of likeness between any races of men as there is between the mastiff and the greyhound, or between the clumsy dray-horse and the high-mettled racer ; and yet no one questions the unity of the canine or equine species. Taking into account the influence external circumstances exert in the production of varieties among the lower animals, and the conformation of the human frame to the condition in which it is placed, we must conclude that we have not here any reason to say there are species of man.

The difference of appearance in the hair is equally invalid as an argument to those who advocate the opposite theory. In some popular works on the history of man the epithet "woolly-haired" is often to be found. Now this is a contradiction in terms ; for wool and hair are shown to be different by submitting them to chemical analysis.

An examination of the human constitution, external and internal, instead of favouring the negative, favours the positive answer to our question, and confirms the belief that the inhabitant of the frost-locked prison of the North, where nature's winking-sheet is ever spread, and the ice permanent as the perpetual hills which it covers, is brother to him whose home is in the temperate region which

enjoys the grateful vicissitude of its seasons, and to him who dwells in the torrid zone where vegetation languisheth under a burning sun.

The habits of different nations are formed according to the condition in which they are situated, and are dependent on the conformation of the human constitution to adapt itself to variations of circumstances; therefore they do not afford any proof that there are species of man, just as difference of habits in men of the same province or county does not prove variety of species in its inhabitants. The languages of men argue their common origin. "Surely," say our opponents, "tribes which express their thoughts and emotions in elaborate forms and mellifluous sounds, are not the kindred of those whose forms hardly deserve the name, and whose sounds are dissonant and harsh." This is plausible, if not sound reasoning, which they suppose to be strengthened by Scripture. It is however to be borne in mind, that there is an affinity pervading all languages, an affinity so close as to justify our attribution of them to the same source. Of this we are assured by men of profound scholarship. The scripture, "The LORD did there confound the language of all the earth," if it does not favour the theory of the common origin of all the languages now spoken, does not support the opposite. Analogy seems to confirm the same belief; for we have only to look to the provincial dialects of our own country, and we find marked differences in the language of the people: yet no one doubts that these are only various dialects of the same language. Thus an investigation into the true relationship between the many languages at present spoken strengthens our position.

Mr. Editor, I thank you for the space you have given me, and hope you will permit me to resume this subject next month.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Hampstead-Heath.

"For what is Hampstead celebrated?" To answer this question, I should require a whole ALBUM to be placed at my disposal. For what is Hampstead *not* celebrated? I shall not ask you to strain your eyes by looking back into grey antiquity; nor shall I tie you to the tail of Dick Turpin's mare on her "Satanic" ramble through the wooded valleys of Hornsey. Meantime, we shall pass "Jack Straw's Castle" without making a call, the more willingly as we are no sympathizers with the political creed of the old English "Gracchus." We shall treat in a similar manner the "Spaniards" Tavern; which, like a gingerbread castle, affects to command the entrance to the Heath. It has stood there so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." I am sorry we cannot take a walk at present through the bowers, vistas, lanes, and avenues overarched by majestic trees; though, if I were of a romantic turn, the bare mention of these enchanting walks would throw me into a hopeless reverie. Thanks to somebody, however, I am more a lover of *fact* than of *fancy*.

We are now on the Heath! "I am amazed at the prospects which open around me." Well you may be. "What spire is that over to the westward?" That is Harrow-on-the-Hill. You are only eight miles from the model-school of England, where Greek is taught on the most approved principles, and where great boys cudgel little ones in the most conservative fashion. This club-law of Harrow, you must know, is very old; so beware of how you condemn old things, lest Colonel Sibthorp and Co. have you up for "blasphemy and sedition." Dr. Vaughan is an excellent master; but we had rather he did not thrash by proxy. Leaving Harrow to the left, there also are Hendon, Hornsey, Highgate,

Highbury, Hackney, and Holloway ; and here is Hampstead ! One would think some wag had baptized these places, and maliciously commenced their names with that unpronounceable letter of the Alphabet, which is the horror of the Cockneys. London itself lies at our feet, with its monster Cathedral hiding its dome in the clouds. But what about Hampstead Heath ? What are these sleepy donkeys doing here, standing in rank and file, at least fifty strong, with ears of a perfectly orthodox cut, with bodies which give unmistakeable evidence that they do not dine very often at the Mansion-House, and each caparisoned with a horned pillion ? These same donkeys, my friend, are waiting for the "moving of the" schools, and for the accommodation of such young ladies as desire "cheap and safe" lessons in riding. At this moment some twenty school-boys are mounting. Off goes the squadron at full gallop—up go the heels of a wicked donkey, and down goes the rider. A cheer from the advanced squadron greets the fall of the unfortunate Gilpin ; but in a trice he has crossed the saddle again. Three times during the race does the restive donkey throw its inexperienced rider, and as often does he "try again ;" so that I cannot help saying to myself ; "If that school-boy shews as much intrepid perseverance in writing a crabbed Latin Exercise, as he does in riding a roguish Hampstead donkey, I shall hear of him again." A young ladies' donkey race is equally amusing ; but really the hooting and shouting of the drivers at the tails of the wretched animals to make them do better, when they are doing their best, sometimes with eleven stones of humanity on their back, is enough to alarm timid young ladies, and frighten even sensible asses out of their wits. We must reluctantly leave them, and advance along the ridge of the Heath. If you have been so incautious as to bring your *heart* along

with you, I warn you to take care of it; for "love-like a potato, shoots from the eye." So say philosophers: London displays here its gorgeousness and its beauty—all that is magnificent in the equipages of the noble, and all that is amiable in the faces of the fair. Here may be seen nature's best, both animate and inanimate. But I must leave further details for my next day's ramble.

NEMO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Continued from our last.

After taking his M. A. degree, he was elected Master of the Grammar School attached to Magdalen College, and was farther promoted to the office of "Bursar" of that house, and Tutor to the sons of the Marquis of Dorset through whose patronage he enjoyed his first ecclesiastical preferment, the living of Lymington in Somersetshire. We now lose sight of Wolsey as connected with Oxford for he soon after tried his fortunes at the Court of Henry, and was graciously received.

Anthony Wood informs us that in 1523, he began to lay the foundation of Cardinal's now Christ Church College, also of one at his native town of Ipswich. Shortly before this he made great efforts to be called to the Papal Chair vacant by the death of Leo x. but failed. His biographer Cavendish ascribes his failure to three reasons, "1. That he would never go to Rome himself. 2. That he was *nimis potens*. 3. That he was not old enough."

As his subsequent history is so well known, there is no need to enlarge farther upon it, than merely to say that he died at Leicester (November,

1530) a broken-down man, and a pitiable example of the fickleness of fortune, his last mournful words Shakspeare has thus rendered ;—

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to my enemies."

Henry viii. Act iii. Sc. 2.

A contemporary of Wolsey thus sums up his life,—"He managed a most inflexible king, with so great cexterity, that of one who always threw his riders, none held the reins, either so long or so successfully. He had a vast mind and a great sense of regulation, and glory, (which by some is construed pride.) In reviewing his character we require great impartiality ; in the first place we must remember, that, he lived more than three hundred years ago, in a time when morality was almost at its lowest ebb ; that, from being comparatively a pauper, and a pauper's son, he was raised to the head of the Church of England, and very nearly to the head of the Church of Rome, which at that time ruled all the civilized kingdoms of Europe ; also great wealth was placed at his disposal, (which I admit he considerably increased by extortion and rapacity.) But I ask were not all these circumstances sufficient to raise the pride, and ambition of a man, situated as Wolsey was ? If he had been born amid wealth, he would have discovered its worthlessness, and there would have been no excuse for his great ambition and overweening pride.

Faults he certainly had, and some were very great, but I think every one will acknowledge that he was a decidedly clever man. The rules which he drew up for the management of his college at Ipswich, are very good, and when we consider that all the time he was deep in public business, it shows how large his mind was, to be capable of turning from the cares and anxieties of the state, to composing

rules for his school, which were appended to a Grammar published by W. Lilye in 1528—

The only writings we have of Wolsey's are some letters on the divorce of Queen Katherine, and some very long ones relating to the Papacy—I cannot conclude this outline of the life of Cardinal Wolsey better than by quoting a remark of Lord Campbell's, "In judging him we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings, and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to ensure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition."

20.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

(Concluded from our last.)

To account for the preservation of the grub, found in the rind of the turnip after the severe cold of last winter, may appear rather difficult at first. I am persuaded it owes its preservation to the nature of its respiration, which is slow, the creature not requiring to make great exertion to procure its food or to provide its habitation. Insects and birds that pass the greater part of their life on the wing, in an active manner, have a quick respiration, consume a greater quantity of oxygen (the fiery or heating element,) and give out a larger amount of carbonic acid in proportion to their size, than animals whose movements are not so rapid or continued, and fewer of them are found to hibernate or pass the winter in a state of torpidity, during which they require no food, and live at a very low temperature. The movements of the grub are slow and feeble and its res-

piration, as we might expect, slow also; and therefore it is, I think, providentially the better adapted for living in its icy tenement through a cold which, to others of more active habits, would prove fatal. If we consider the degree of cold which hybernating animals sustain during their torpid state, I think we may conclude that the same or even a greater cold will not destroy a creature of a simpler organization and a slower respiration. Though the learned are not agreed as to the real source of animal heat, I believe it is closely connected with the breathing, if not wholly dependent on it, so that the slower the breathing, and the less active the animal, the better is it fitted for enduring I may say, temporary cessation of the vital functions.

It is possible, however, that the insect inhabitant of the turnip was not born before the winter commenced, but was only brought into life when the enlivening beams of the spring sun began to cheer the face of nature. Those that had their residence there in autumn, after having deposited their egg, may have found their grave where once they lived. The date of their birth it is difficult to determine; but whether the one view or the other of the two I have given be taken, I think, in the way I have mentioned their preservation may be accounted for.

In all the animal œconomy, as well as in the other works of creation we may trace the beautiful adaptation of each creature to the sphere it is destined to occupy, and behold the wonderful and merciful manifestations of an ever-present wonder-working God.

LECTOR.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS ?

[Written for the ALBUM.]

The giddy throng who flit from flower to flower,

and sip of pleasure's cup ; do *they* enjoy the blessing ? The ambitious man who climbs with painful toil the difficult ascent, to gain some envied height. Does *he* enjoy the blessing ?—The Noble Lord whose head is proudly raised above his fellows, nor deigns to mix with one of Plebeian birth. Does *he* enjoy the blessing ?—The sordid miser who counts his shining hoard, hoping each year will bring increasing gains. Does *he* enjoy the blessing ?—The spendthrift, who scatters wealth with lavish hand, and quaffs the bowl luxurious to the dregs. Does *he* enjoy the blessing ?—Who dares pronounce *these* happy ?

Pride and revenge, hatred and envy, each their votaries have, and each has strong desires to gratify. Are *these* then happy ? No : they are guilty, and guilt is misery. What then is Happiness ? Surely it gilds the Christian's path, and bears him far above the clouds of care which shroud this earthly scene. But is it so ? Oh no : "In the world ye shall have tribulation:" saith our Lord, and also, "This is not your rest : Yea and all that will live godly in Christ shall suffer persecution." The Christian treads a thorny narrow way, rugged and beset with snares. Go, ask *him* then and he will answer ; "Happiness is not a plant of earthly growth, it flourishes beyond the Sun and Stars in those bright realms, where all is light and purity and love. There, and there alone, true happiness in full perfection shines" But shall we then despair ? Is there no Antidote for all the ills of life ? What says the sacred record ? "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

What then is happiness ? It is the peace the world can never give ; serene it dwells within the Christian's breast, and cheers him on his weary pilgrimage. Possessed of this, he can unmoved behold, year after year glide on, each fraught alike

by turns with Joys or Griefs. Mountains may rise, his faith removes them all ; he seeks his aid beyond terrestrial things and ever looking to Jesus still presses onward. Yes : onward to that heavenly city, the New Jerusalem ; onward to that happy land, whose bright glories eye hath not seen, whose sweet songs ear hath not heard, nor can the heart of man conceive the riches that await him there. Not a tear shall be shed, not a pang shall be felt, for God the Lord shall wipe away the source of tears ;—sin cannot enter there. But what is man that joys like these should crown his future life, which nought on earth can purchase.? Not all the gold ten thousand thousand mines could shew ; not all the riches Tyre could boast, nor costly gifts of myrrh and Cassia. Not all the prayers proud Pharisees may vainly say ; nor all the penances a Popish Monk may dare to inflict. Not all the tears a cloistered nun may shed, and by no means, all the works, (Alas ! called *good*,) the blind, self-righteous do ?

Man is a worm, yea, more than vile, he is full of corruption, (from the soul of the foot even unto the head) he is unclean, there is no health, no soundness in him. For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness, : all these things come from within, and defile the man." "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." "The carnal mind is enmity against God." "There is none righteous, no, not one." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "But is there no Balm in Gilead ? Is there no Physician ?" O ! yes, let every tongue unloosed repeat. "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins ; according to the riches of his grace." Stupendous miracle of love !

Jehovah, Lord of all, to quit his throne of glory, around which stand arrayed in white, a multitude of angels : —and why ? to be a man and die. O contemplate with reverential awe, this most mysterious mystery. God Incarnate. Deity in Man. Is. liii. 5. 6.

“He hath made *Him* to be sin who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteousness of God in in Him.”

O ! then how strikingly clear it is, that “Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost ; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour ; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.” Rom. viii. 17. O ! may we then be taught to “reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.” He that formed the universe and called all things from nought, the same that was nailed to a cross of wood that we through Him might live, once said, and still says to his wandering sheep, “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.”

O ! this is happiness, and happy is the man ye truly blest, who can thus look on Christ, and see his sins transferred to him, and nailed upon the Cross. 'Tis vain indeed to seek for happiness in this Apostate world ; the Christian borrows his from realms of light and glory, and yet that veiled reflection cannot be called true happiness. Oh ! no, we shall only be satisfied when we awake in the likeness of Christ to inherit the true riches above. The mansions of bliss, the crown of life, the robe of righteousness ; purchased alone by the blood of Christ, who of his free grace and mercy hath called us.

J. C. J.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir—There is an old proverb “Never so good that you cannot find a better,” and with a little change of phraseology I may say, Never so high that you cannot find a higher.

It appears to have been the aim of each of your correspondents, my two neighbours, to establish the fact of their each being unusually elevated. Though such may be the case, I humbly present myself a competitor for being the highest of the three. I will not occupy your valuable space to prove it, since a demonstration is evident to any one who mounts my cranium to reconnoitre, but will take this opportunity of giving you a brief delineation of myself. Perhaps it would be best as a prelude in order to excite interest in those readers who have never heard of me to inform them, that the once noble champion for the Gospel the stentorian yet eloquent proclaimer of glad tidings—George Whitfield, had my knoll for a pulpit and my inhabitants for a congregation. I know not whether your readers would like a description as seen from a balloon or on “terra firma.” I presume they would hold up their hands for the former, on the score of novelty.

The first object which would act as a magnet to your eyes, would be a huge cone with a windmill on its summit. At its base on the one side are stone quarries, where at intervals you hear blasts like the eruption of a volcano shivering the rock to pieces. Immediately succeeding the explosion may be seen busy workmen attacking the loosened stone with hammers and breaking it up into still smaller pieces. But at the base on the other side the village may be seen, and as you look down upon it I fancy you would say how very shrewd those ancestors were who founded the villa, for they have built the houses on the south side of the hill

thus avoiding all the Septentrional blasts so antagonistic to the snug "fire-side." The church too is provided for in the same way.

The next object you would observe, perhaps, would be a white road like a ribbon, stretching over hill and dale, and just touching the head of the village, which if i. te. roga'ed, would tell you how it is slighted and thought nothing of, in these days of railroad celebrity. There may be also seen a very small brook, which however, is one of the chief tributaries to the Reservoir at Thornton.

But I must not enlarge, though I could fill a whole Album, describing the very extensive scenery surrounding me. It is not time or matter, but it is space that demands me to "cease my spinning."

Yours &c.

Markfield:

Sentences.

There is such a remarkable solemnity in the Scripture, such spirituality in its language, such grandeur in its ideas, such magnificence in its descriptions, such variety in its beauties, such awfulness in its threatenings, such suitableness in its precepts, such sweetness in its promises, and such satisfaction in its contents; that there is no book like it. If the bible be not our only book to read and receive, it is because we do not comprehend it with all saints.

We are told by the great Apostle, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—to save one sinner was more than the angels of God could do,—but our blessed Lord saved many sinners when he died upon the cross, for it is written, "Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong, because

He hath poured out his soul unto death : and he was numbered with the transgressors ; and he bare the sin of *many*, and made intercession for the transgressors.

Good works follow faith as the shadow follows the substance—but where no substance is there is no shadow ; now faith is the substance of things hoped for. There can be no good works without faith, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin : men need not therefore boast of their works, since they are the fruits of faith, and faith worketh by love.

Our Lord Jesus Christ was holy towards God—harmless towards his enemies, and undefiled in himself—being without sin in thought, word, or deed.

ACROSTIC.

E arthly pleasures all are fleeting,
D reams of beauty quickly pass.
W inter soon leaves summer weeping,
A ll must fade as fades the grass,
R iches, honor, wealth, and power,
D eath will spoil in one short hour.

A sk me must the closest union
U ndergo the same sad doom,
R ead we not of a communion
E ndless, placed beyond the tomb?
L et our cords of love then strengthen,
I n the bonds of friendship here :
U nder trials let us strengthen,
S acred ties for ever dear.

A nd whatever fate befall us,
D anger, frown or ills betide,
A ngels on our way shall lead us,
M ercy's lamp our path shall guide
S afe to Heaven, where we'll abide.

G. Magill.

Broughshane. May 17. 1854.

CHARADE.

My first of merriment can tell,
 Of social mirth and glee,
 In ancient or in modern times,
 At dinner or at tea,
 When knights and ladies drain'd the bowl,
 Or humble spinsters sat,
 Discours'd of deeds of valour THOSE,
 THESE join'd in friendly chat.

My next of various use is found
 In cottage or in hall
 Without it neither Peer nor Clown
 Would hold a festival,
 It comes from torrid climes, nor there
 Alone may it be found,
 It has its birth 'neath northern skies,
 'Tis found on British ground.

My whole a useful friend will prove
 Your property to guard
 Though merit here, (as oft) is found
 To meet a base reward
 For banish'd from the scenes where, erst,
 It did the parlour grace
 In kitchens now, ah! shame to tell!
 It holds dishonour'd place!!

ANSWER TO CHARADE.

Your first the faithful HORSE displays,
 The pride of kings in bygone days,
 "My kingdom for a HORSE" cried one,
 But all in vain--his race was run.
 Your second brings a BLOCK to view,
 Which, could it speak, would tell too true,
 How noble heads were on it laid,
 And many a tragic scene display'd.
 Your whole, though useful it has been,
 I must confess, I've never seen,
 Unless huge stones, which here and there
 Do stand, did serve as HORSEBLOCK race.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Unable to find room for "Morning Light" "G. M." and "Willard" this month, we must reserve them for our next.

THE ALBUM.

No. 4. AUGUST 1854. VOL. II.

DOOM OF RUSSIA.

To the Editor of the Album.

Sir,—A curious paragraph has recently appeared in some of the public papers on the predicted doom of Russia. Attention is directed to the 38th and 39th chapters of the prophet Ezekiel. In those chapters Gog is styled "*chief prince*" rendered by some of the best critics "prince of ROSH, Mesech and Tubal" the word "Rosh" being as they believe (and as the Greek translators believed long before the Christian era) not the Hebrew for "*chief*" but a "*proper name*." Mesech and Tubal are probably synonymous with Moscow and Tobolsk. Other proper names in the chapters are more difficult of appropriation.

'Tarshish' (38. 13.) may mean "*the sea*" and there is much plausibility in the idea that "*the Merchants of the sea* and the young *lions* thereof" denote the British power or the *young lions* may denote the colonies of Britain. The opinion that the chapters refer to Russia, is strengthened by xxxviii. 15.—"thou

shall come from thy place *out of the North parts*," and it is a very remarkable fact that some of the Russian soldiery still retain the use of bows and arrows. See ch. xxxix. 3. Whether the *present* war is referred to in the above named chapters is of course doubtful, inasmuch as they appear to speak of an attack upon the land of Israel *after its restoration to the Jews* an event still future though apparently fast approaching. To conclude, it may be that we have entered upon a combat which will end only with the present dispensation, the harbinger of "a good time coming" when holiness will be the *rule* and sin the *exception*.

WILFRED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Dear Sir—There is no more familiar phrase than that "there is a tide in the affairs of men," and I might safely add there is none so strictly calendared by every one who exercises that principle of reflection which God has implanted in every breast. There is an era in the life of each individual on which depends his future career, and upon its issue hangs the destiny of many it may be both for time and eternity, for we know not what may arise out of the most trifling incident much less the master movement (so to speak) of our whole life. This then, being the case, how guarded ought we to be both in our walk and conversation!

It would seem that yesterday was the great epoch in my life to which I am to look back with mingled feelings of delight and sorrow, for whilst I thank God for his grace and assistance—whilst I rejoice that by man I was thought worthy to be set apart as a herald of the cross I humble myself in the dust, conscious as I am of my own unworthiness.

in the eyes of the great searcher of hearts and join trembling with my mirth, while I exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things."

Yesterday I preached my first sermon to a public congregation:—the audience was large, and the attention was intense in the utmost degree. Some heard me for my own sake through curiosity, many I have no doubt, for the sake of my master, and some perhaps listened through contention, but with the Apostle I say "whether in pretence or in truth Christ is preached, I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice."

I took for my text the seventeenth verse of the second chapter of the first Epistle of John. After dwelling in the first part of my discourse upon the transient character of all earthly objects, as seen in nature, or in the history of man, I followed this up with a description of the final annihilation of the world the "change" that should befall those that would then be alive—how they should be arrested in the midst of their daily avocations and in conclusion wound up by a reference to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." Thinking that you may perhaps feel interested (from the nature of the case) I shall give you a short extract, hoping that as you run over the lines of an old friend who is now far away you will by the grace of God be led to look up to that "friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

"They are in the strong holds of the Zion above, that city whose gates are pearls and whose streets are gold, and they now join the ransomed hosts and sing glory and honor and dominion and power to him that sitteth upon the throne and to the lamb for ever and ever, and there is no danger of that strong hold being taken for it is fortified by the finished work of Emmanuel's righteousness, and around the base of that mighty barrier roll the surges

of the ocean of the wrath of God that impassible gulf which Lazarus could not cross and which all the entreaties of Dives could not remove, a gulf from which none ever emerged, save the captain of our salvation and the sinners borne upon his bosom and though the struggle with Apollyon cost Emmanuel his life, though in the leading of his people through the mighty waters the billows rolled over him, yet he could not be held there, for "in him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and with a power greater than myriads of angels he buffeted the swelling tide, bearing with him the ransomed ones, and advancing to the gate of that strong hold to his father's house where are many mansions, he flung open the doors and ushered in the emancipated truants of earth to the celestial joys of their God. And Oh! what rejoicings were in heaven when those ransomed ones assembled, when the angels tuned their harps and the saints of God shouted for joy, and as the everlasting doors were lifted up that the king of glory might enter, the four and twenty elders cast their crowns at his feet, and whilst the door keepers in the house of God strike up the grand anthem of praise, the angels fly to and fro bearing the glad tidings of Emmanuel's victory and now all have caught up the joyful sound and heaven's courts re-echo with hallelujahs to their king, and here shall the saints live world without end, for "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Hoping that I have not trespassed too far on either your space or patience, I am dear Mr Editor,
your very sincere friend,

G. M.

Broughshane. June 12th. 1854.

The Believer's Vocabulary.

Faith. The substance of our expectation. Heb xi 1.

Hope. The Christian's anchor.

Love. Fear's victorious combatant. 1. John. iv. 18.

Joy. The feeling in heaven over one sinner's repentance. Luke. xv. 7.

Kindness. The Good Samaritan. Luke ix. 30 35.

Grace. That which can be purchased without money or price.

Glory. The consummation and consequence of grace.

Righteousness. A robe that Christ alone can put on.

Good Works. Gold-leaf.

Election. Eternal separation.

Predestination. The Adamant stone.

Means. David's five smooth stones.

Sanctification. The blessed transformation from ungodliness, to that holiness "without which no man shall see the Lord."

Perseverance. Not looking back from following the plough. Luke ix. 62.

Justification. The resurrection of Christ. Romans iv. 25.

Truth. That, which if possessed, causes freedom. John viii. 32.

Wisdom. The Bible.

Prayer. Jacobs ladder of communication.

Experience. One of the believers touch-stones.

Doubt. A fiery dart.

Liberty. The presence of the Lord's Spirit. ii Corinthians. iii 17.

Sin. Death in the pot. ii Kings iv. 40.

Death. The unbelievers canker-worm, but the believers friend.

Saviour. A never failing treasury.

Eternal life. Jesus Christ. John xi. 25.

Eternity. An unfathomable sea.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

There never has dawned a morning upon this earth, that has not been succeeded by an evening, nor has ever "the day gone away, and the shadows of evening been stretched out," that the morning has not come.—Fit emblem this of human life. Just as certain is it that each one will go "the way of all living," as that "the morning cometh and *also* the night." And to carry out the comparison still further, just as convinced are we that we shall awake again from the dust of death, as that the sun will bring morning again with his beams.

When the day of our life is far spent, and the shadows of evening draw on apace, through the infirmities of our nature, we are subject to two evils;—tardiness in the Lord's service, and weariness in well-doing. Now instead of being slow and lazy at such a time, we should be just the reverse: in fact we read, how earnestly the apostles entreated Jesus to abide with them, and why? their words were, "Abide with us, *for it is towards evening.*" And the Psalmist said that at *evening*, as well as in the morning and at noon, he would pray. And as Ezekiel, we should dig through our wall of duty at evening, as assiduously as at any other time. Ez. xii. 7. "Be instant in season and out of season." Hence there should be no lack of service to God.

Again, there is a danger of being "weary in well-doing." The true servant should be like the Chaldean horses mentioned in Habbakuk, "more fierce than the evening wolves." Oh! how can believers ever be "wearied and faint in their minds," as long as they have the promise "At evening time it shall be light." Ah! it is the weakness of the flesh, the spirit is willing enough.

But all are not required to exist throughout the live-long day. Some are summoned at the cock-crowing, some at the morning and noon, and others like Ahab, die "at even." 2 Chron. xviii. 34. It is but a "few more rolling suns *at most*, before this calamity be overpast to us respectively, and then (if so be we have been called) we shall be "children in whom is no blemish." Dan. i. 4.

Oh! what a glorious triumph over this world, sin, and satan, it is for a Christian, as he feels pin by pin of his tabernacle to be loosened, to have a "good hope through grace." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As long as we live in the night, we are subject to sin, and more than that, we commit sin. When there were only four people in the world, there was a Cain, when but eight, a Ham; there were not twelve disciples without a Judas, and not even seven deacons without a Nicolas. The children of God know however, that they are not the children of the night, but of the day, and when the change comes, which, of the wicked is to be feared, of the godly desired, and of all to be expected,

"There!—then!—shall the veil be remov'd
And round them Christ's brightness be pour'd
They'll meet him whom absent they loved,
They'll see whom unseen they adored!

O then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on their blissful repose."

Cautio.

ARE ALL MEN OF ONE BLOOD?

(Concluded from our last.)

An apparently formidable objection to the identity or unity of the human species is founded on the different degrees of civilization and mental development. In answering that part of the objection relative to the state of barbarous or savage life, I say, in the nature of things, that is according to the present constitution of man, there is an inexplicable connexion between the mind and the body. God all-wise, having seen that in man it is not good for either to be alone, has established an intimate relationship between them, and imposed upon them laws according to which they act. Mysterious in this connexion, and such it must remain so long as the powers of man are finite—so long as he is unable to understand and explain matter, and to comprehend spiritual existences.

That bodily degradation produces moral degradation seems to be the opinion of the Board of health, which has the best opportunity for the observation of facts. If a man sets sense above reason, ministers more to the flesh than to the spirit, and does not "keep his body under," that is, in subjection to his mind, but allows it to obtain an unsanctified ascendancy over the better part of his nature, his mind will be deteriorated. By experience we know that the cultivation of our faculties increases their capacity and renders them more acute. On this experimental knowledge are founded such aphorisms as, *memoria augetur excolendo*, and the love of money increases with the money itself. A similar experience teaches us that sense becomes more acute by exercise. In proportion as man devotes himself to sensual gratification does his sensuality increase, and in the same proportion does he neglect his

intellectuality, which becomes weaker.

There is no national inferiority of mind in the inhabitants of sea-divided lands. I have known individuals of the Negro race, who displayed as great aptness in learning as any of their white-skinned neighbours. I do not permit the inference that there is no individual inferiority; for as "one star differeth from another star in glory," so one mind may differ from another in its faculties. The intellect of any barbarous race is not, as some have said, capable of receiving instruction only to a certain point, beyond which it cannot possibly go. It is not like a tender plant near the sea, which grows luxuriantly so long as it is protected from the ocean spray, but which as soon as it has over-topped the wall that defended it, becomes stunted in its growth, and remains dwarfish throughout the rest of its existence. Instead of this it is possessed of the same capacious powers and elevated tendencies, which many, differing only in appearance, are accustomed to regard as peculiar to themselves.

Mankind forms one family descended from the same parents. With respect to the characteristics which distinguish one nation from another, they may be attributed to natural causes directed by the Deity, the first cause, who "lives through all life, extends through all extent, spreads undivided, operates unspent.

Mr Editor, as I have already occupied so much space in your interesting periodical, and from respect to your more talented contributors, I will not pursue this subject farther. HO WOL.

TRUE PLEASURE.

The question is "Where is true pleasure to be found?" the answer is to be found in the Psalms "At thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." When we shall drink of the river of God's pleasure,

(Ps. xxxvi. 1.) we shall know what true pleasure is. True pleasure is not as *too* many persons think to be found in "serving divers lusts and pleasures" but is as many persons do not think to be finally *attained* in him, "whom having not seen we love" and to be possessed by those who obtain the blessing of our Lord, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." All pleasure short or instead of this (if indeed pleasure can be found elsewhere) is vanity, and leaves behind it an aching void, and consequently is not *true* pleasure.

Cicero says it consists in having everything you wish, but to have everything you wish is impossible in this world, therefore you cannot have true pleasure here. In the bible you are told to "covet earnestly the best gifts" (the only time we are told to covet) and these are ours and all we desire, if we have Christ, therefore we come again to the former definition of true pleasure—Christ in us the hope of glory.

E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir—The present is an age of much reading and writing. The novelist, the historian, the man of science, and the student of literature are busy, each in his own sphere, supplying the reading world with the means of gratifying the various existing tastes.

The students of Theology, too, are actively employed in making books for those who wish to become acquainted with sacred subjects. The interpretation of Scripture generally however, does not occupy a prominent place in any of the religious periodicals of the day, although the prophetic parts receive much and varied consideration.

The apostle Paul hath said, "All scripture is given, by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine.

for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." In order that these purposes may be served by the bible, it must receive a spiritual, that is a figurative interpretation. If we read the historical, biographical, and ritual parts as no more than the records of a by-gone age, they are very uninteresting and not more *profitable* than similar compositions by uninspired men. Much of the Bible may have had a literal meaning only applicable to those who lived in the times when it was written, and as such to us it is a tale that is told. A literal interpretation may well afford to the infidel an argument against the Bible, whereas he is not able to withstand a spiritual interpretation. In illustration of this I would adduce the xxii chapter of Genesis, in which Abraham is described as preparing to offer his son in sacrifice. Did I not believe the authenticity of and inspiration of the Bible, I should have no hesitation in declaring the narrative to be mythical. I could as easily doubt that fire came down from heaven and consumed the prophet's sacrifice in the presence of the idolatrous priests of Baal, as that Vulcan ever forged a thunderbolt for Jupiter in his mountain workshop. That instruction and profit may be derived from the Bible by us who live in the last time, we must adopt a figurative or spiritual interpretation, we must look beyond the letter to something spiritual and regard it merely as a shadow of "good things to come."

The remarks I have made refer chiefly to the Old Testament, which the writers of the New, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, interpreted symbolically, when they had occasion to refer to the things that were written aforetime. In the epistle to the Hebrews may be found ample proof of the manner in which Paul understood the rites of the patriarchal and succeeding times; and even Christ who "spoke as never man spake," explained the prophecies,

relating to himself, not literally but symbolically. The same holds true with regard to the New Testament; for we must regard it to belong to us, and not exclusively to those in whose time it was written.

Are the numbers of scripture symbolical? I know not why they should not be so; for men might as well employ numbers, as signs, in writing as the characters in common use, and the combinations of them might be as significant as the words we employ. As may be found by consulting early writers, the Jews attached much importance to the numbers found in the Scriptures; and the numbers whose signification has been discovered, afford much encouragement and comfort the humble enquirer after the way of salvation.

I do not advocate an interpretation so mystical that it becomes fanciful; but I do think that by a spiritual that is a figurative interpretation alone can we profit, as we ought, by reading the book of God.

I am

yours respectfully,

Zetetes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir—I cannot refrain from expressing surprise, in reading your correspondents, “Thornton” “Bagworth,” and “Markfield” successively, making such great pretensions as to their altitude and magnitude—they have written one after another as if none were superior to them. I have watched their proceedings and listened to their arguments with a smile; and as I feel assured no one else will venture in the arena, I therefore throw down the gauntlet, and bid either of them, if he be able,

to contest with me either in height, greatness or beauty. I overlook all my compeers with disdain. I survey a greater extent of territory than any in this and the surrounding counties—and I breathe a freer air—my summits are crowned with the umbrageous oak and the towering fir, and my sides are clothed with them—rocks form my interior—and ladies and gentlemen frequently honour me with their presence. Every visitor expresses his pleasure from my height and my name is spoken of with delight. I cannot speak of roads or streets—for I am not in the category of villages and towns—but I can speak of my noble and hospitable hall—I can commend the generosity and urbanity of its proprietor, who so kindly allows the public to enjoy my beauties, and I only hope the readers of your highly esteemed Album will shortly pay me a visit, and prove to their satisfaction that I am the unique—the lofty—the venerable,

Bardon Hill.

July 21. 1854.

MORNING LIGHT.

[The following Lines were found among the last manuscripts of a dear sister now in glory. That they are original I cannot venture to assert ; but their author I have been unable to ascertain.—S.]

How welcome shines the morning Light
 Within the casement clear
 As, after dull and tedious night,
 It comes arrayed in colours bright,
 The sick man's couch to cheer !

O thus, when life is ebbing fast
 Lord, leave me not forlorn !
 But as my night of woe rolls past,
 That night of sin and pain the last,
 Upon thy suffering servant cast
 Beams of eternal morn.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

In no time or age of the world, but the present ; in no part of the world, but Europe ; and to no people in the world, but the English ; has the above truth been so conspicuous, yet mysterious ; so astounding, yet simple ; so doubtful, yet certain. As years pass away, the appearances of men and things are changing ; what is a novelty to day, becomes old by to-morrow ; the earth and its inhabitants seem to alter together ; and people complain that the world is not what it used to be. "Perhaps it will be different when time comes round," "Time will show," "It was not so in my time," "Who would have thought of seeing these things ?" are phrases that are perpetually being used, and which indicate clearly enough that life is ever varying, and that changes are always expected. Alterations were perhaps never effected so rapidly as at this present time. The discovery of the wonderful and stupendous power resident in water, whether that power be manifested in the Hydraulic Press, or the Steam Engine, has produced as it were a new world and another race of men. For upwards of five thousand years, nature was allowed to form channels of intercourse for herself, and people saw each other only at considerable intervals ; but now nature is deemed too slow, and her operations must be expedited.

To man all things are subservient ; nature, animate or inanimate, is obedient to his wishes ; endowed with reason, he rises superior to all other animals, and supplies from the excellencies of their constitution the apparent defects of his own. The rapid means of communication now existing, the extensive uses of printing, and the consequent

state of society, have made such extraordinary alterations on the face of the whole world, that a new Era seems to have begun, and induce the belief that Eras as great and as astonishing will arise hereafter.

(To be continued.)

Sentences.

It is worthy of observation, that the names of the writers of the four Gospels are not mentioned in the beginning of the Gospels, and there is no inscription to particular parts of the world, as in the Epistles; as if all were lost by the light of the sun of righteousness, like the stars vanishing before the day—and as if they were written to all people, and their words went out to the ends of the world. The Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, and the first Epistle of John are similar, for they are especially concerning our Lord Jesus Christ.

Eternal life here, is the presence of God in us—and eternal life hereafter, will be our living in the presence of God for ever.

He is strong who is strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus—he is rich who is rich in faith—he is wise who is wise unto salvation—he is great who is great in grace—he is learned who is taught of God the Father—he is righteous who is made righteous through our Lord Jesus Christ—and he is holy who is filled with the Holy Ghost.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

Brightly rose the sun o'er the eastern hills,
Proclaiming the advent of morn,
And in his bright ray fast vanished away,
The dew-drops that glistened the thorn,
Refulgent his beam on mountain and stream,
As he purpled the valleys with light,
And in the display of that gold-gilding ray
Fast vanished the shadows of night.

The sky lark, the herald of morning, arose
 And shook the dew-drop from its wing,
 And mounted up on high in the azure-blue sky
 The song of the morning to sing,
 The blackbird and thrush from bramble and bush
 Sent forth the sweet notes of their songs,
 Whilst the still balmy air re-echoes afar
 The music of myriad tongues.

A lovelier morning scarce visited earth,
 Nor fairer to mortal was given,
 So effulgently bright fell the rays of its light
 It seemed but a foretaste of heaven,
 The leaf-mantled trees scarce waved in the breeze
 That swept them so gently by
 The aspen leaf's sleep was unbroken and deep,
 Nor waked to the zephyr's soft sigh.

Man, weary and worn by the former day's toil,
 Having sunk from his labour to sleep,
 Now freshly arose from his couch of repose
 Another day's labour to meet;
 But one aching head was confined to its bed,
 Whose soft eye woo'd not the night's slumber,
 Whose last sleepless night now gave place to the light
 Of his last sun, completing his number.

That night was the last that on earth should be spent
 Till the darkness of death should invade him,
 That day was the last that on earth should be passed,
 Till the wings of a Saviour should shade him;
 Sol sunk to his rest in the far distant west,
 And gloriously rose on the morrow,
 But the soul winged its flight to the region of light
 And left this Island of sorrow.

The sable-robed shadows of night had dispersed
 Before the bright ray of the morning,
 And the orient beam shed its glorious stream,
 Each mountain and valley adorning:
 But ere that bright ray led the close of the day,
 Or night spread her sable pinion,
 To God was resigned the soul he assigned
 As it fled from its clayey dominion.

No more shall be heard the sweet sound of his voice,
 Nor longer he's racked by diseases,
 From troubles at rest, he reclines on the breast
 And is stayed on the arms of Jesus,
 Smote down by the breath of the angel of death
 Fast faded a short-lived lily,
 Yet a fond mother's heart will oft give a start,
 When she thinks of her absent Willy.

J. C.

THE ALBUM.

No. 5. SEPTEMBER 1854. VOL. II.

"We will be short with you"

Henry, viii.

Our contributors will do well by reading, better by remembering, and best of all by practising, the following suggestions. To write legibly, use standard words, avoid long sentences, condense their observations, select good topics, keep to the subject ; and send their articles during the first half of the month. These remarks are made from necessity, not from caprice ; as will be seen, when the management of our office is once understood. From peculiar circumstances, the gentlemen connected with our press can attend to their duties a few hours only in a whole week ; and from pecuniary circumstances, we cannot engage the services of a more sufficient staff.

The editor, compositor, distributor, printer, boy, corrector, binder, and publisher, impressed with the noble desire of extending, to others as well as themselves, the means of gratification and instruction, the latter word being used with the greatest modesty, have unanimously made an offer of their humble talents to effect so good an object ; which offer, on the part of the public has been accepted by our readers, who will best show their gratitude by acting as we have respectfully directed.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

(Concluded from our last.)

All things have existed from the beginning, but the discoveries of the properties of many of them may be new, or may not yet have been made. Nature is always the same, her laws are unalterable; and though freaks have been ascribed to her with the greatest liberality, such as her invincible abhorrence of a vacuum, these have been the offspring of ignorance, and have vanished before the scrutinizing eye of the man of science. Superstition was wont to assign the heavenly bodies as the causes of all changes in earthly affairs; and new, or unheard of, things were to be expected when these bodies acquired peculiar positions in relation to themselves or to the earth.

But the fate of superstition, like that of most impostors, had long been marked out and was at last fixed by the increase of knowledge. There was a time when the destiny of empires depended on an eclipse of the Moon, now however she is utterly powerless, and her authority is entirely disregarded; since that occurrence, which was once supposed to be fortuitous and portentous, is shown to be necessary and harmless, and can be foretold with the most minute circumstances of accuracy. Of all the dreadful calamities, horrible plagues, and boundless miseries which she then caused, not one now claims her as its author. Science has dissolved the unnatural connection, and demonstrated that her offices, instead of being in the least injurious, are wholly beneficial.

As long as cause and effect are allowed to hold their due relation to each other, so long will there be nothing new. Formerly the earth was supposed to be an immoveable, unlimited plane; Galileo

proved it to be a sphere in motion.

The earth, nevertheless, had these and other properties ever since it was created. Nor was the discovery of them actually new ; for men, hundreds of years ago, read, just as we do now, of "*The round world and them that dwell therein,*" and how that "*He hangeth the earth upon nothing.*"

The laws which regulate the Solar system were first discovered by Kepler, and the laws of motion by Newton ; but had these laws no existence prior to their discovery ?

Planets are discerned by Hind, and calculated by Adams ; Comets are beheld by every one ; Meteors excite alarm and consternation ; yet have these been formed only recently ?

Matter has ever been, yet it may and does continually assume new forms. There is the same quantity of matter in the earth now as there was when it was created, a proof of which is the invariable length of the year ; for were any alteration made in the amount of the former, so also would there be in the extent of the latter.

Franklin found a way to divest the lightning of its terrors, and men can now admire what they feared in times past ; but this might have been effected during the course of nearly six thousand years as far as the means to accomplish it were concerned.

So long as the earth has been in its present form, so long have metals and minerals been hid in its bowels, and might at any time have been extracted ; yet cannons and gunpowder are of modern invention.

Water had its uses among every people, in every age, but the application of it to other purposes has been made in our own days. Heat was at hand to produce steam, and steam was indeed employed as a motive power ; its services, however, have been so far extended by the moderns as to merit the ap-

pellation of a discovery.

Man always possessed the faculty of self-motion; but he very soon enlisted the faculties of other animals, and has in these latter days invented numerous and gigantic means of transporting himself, moving sometimes on land, sometimes on water, and at other times actually through the air.

The materials for casting type and making paper could have been procured in any age of the world, yet printing is so very recent as to seem only an affair of yesterday.

Languages alter perhaps as much as any thing does, and frequently in very brief periods. As the inhabitants of different countries intermingle, dialects spring up and become complete tongues in themselves while a mongrel kind of speech comes into existence on the confines of neighbouring states. Such changes however, are not new: the human voice has been constantly acquiring fresh sounds, since the dispersion of the race first occasioned variety in speech. The language of brutes alone has remained fixed; there being no reason to suppose that the roaring of a lion or the song of a bird is different from what it was centuries ago.

Mankind have always required and always found sustenance; and, though it may be presented under various aspects, their food is ever the same. Bread has never been exchanged for stone.

The first appearance of anything is undoubtedly new, and as undoubtedly such appearance ceases to be new when it is visible again. The Creation of the Universe was a new thing, but has it never been witnessed again, has it remained new? Not at all; it is a matter of daily occurrence.

Consider the order in which all things were made, and the order in which they are every day presented to the sight. The resemblance is close; in fact, the orders are in every respect the same. The spectacle

of the Creation must have been magnificent beyond conception; why then is the recurrence of it, if not utterly disregarded, at least lightly esteemed? Simply because it is not new. The former took place for the first time, but the latter is seen every day.

The first thing made was Light, and Light is the first thing seen at the commencement of a new day. The Firmament was next formed, and when day breaks the next thing beheld is the Heavens. The third thing created was the Earth, and Land and Water are the third things visible. The fourth great work was the formation of the Sun and Moon, and the fourth event is the rising of the Sun. Animals were produced next, and so also do they come forth when the Sun has risen. The sixth work was Man, and last of all Man makes his appearance.

Thus novelty will be sought in vain; all things were once made, and all things will remain the same; new combinations may be formed, but not the materials composing them; discoveries, so far from bringing new things to light, only prove that they have existed of old.

Though the above facts are well known, and would seem to hinder any further attempts to dive into the mysteries of nature, yet they have produced the very contrary effect. Nothing allures men so forcibly, nothing animates them so much, nothing has held out prospects so bright and ended in results so useless, as the hope of turning up something fresh. At one time the philosopher's stone was the only thing coveted; it changed all metals into gold, and made old people young; and men imagined that, when health and wealth were secure, no more was to be desired. The strange longing for eternal youth supported by golden food, not only took possession of individual; even whole nations were seized with the wildest fancies about it. The stone however was never found; money and life were sacrificed

in vain; it dwelt only in the imagination, and remains an instance of the selfishness and stupidity of those who sought it. Doubtless the idea took its rise among the poets; useless in itself, it has indirectly bestowed on mankind greater advantages than would have been conferred by its actual discovery; for *chymistry* acknowledges herself indebted to *alchemy*.

The quadrature of the circle and perpetual motion have had, and still have, their votaries. Experience appears to teach no lesson to such men; the disappointments of others, occupied in the same pursuits, are disregarded, and they will only be convinced of their folly by their own.

As, possibly, some of our learned friends may have a few crotchets in their heads, and may think of astonishing the world some day or other with a grand discovery, it may not be amiss to remind them of the words of Bacon. "For novelty, no man that wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart,

‘Nil novi super terram’ ”

“LET’S TALK OF GRAVES, OF WORMS, AND EPITAPHS.”
Richard. ii.

“That is a fine old church,” is the exclamation of many a traveller to his companion, as they pass a country spot, of which the chief, and in some cases the only, ornament happens to be this sacred edifice. “Yes, it is; built, I suppose, by the monks,” is the quiet reply, lingering upon the speaker’s tongue with a feeling of veneration for persons of whom he knows but little, and possibly does not care to know more. For a moment the thoughts of both parties

are affected with a degree of solemnity bordering on sadness, occasioned by their perception of the lapse of time, and nothing further escapes from them till the ancient building has disappeared ; when their minds, released from the gentle restraint to which they were for a short time subject, again assume their natural gaiety, and are once more engaged in matters of greater importance than the contemplation of ecclesiastical remains. For we do not imagine our friends to be historians or antiquaries, roaming through the country to gather up fragments that tell of an age gone by, which no one would wish to be recalled, and of a class of men that exist only in records, with whom few would desire to be more intimately acquainted ; but we suppose them to be what, in the present age, some would say they only can be, men of the world, men occupied in business men who have in view one object and no more, who attend entirely to the errand upon which they go, and whose eyes are, willingly or unwillingly, directed to scenes which they would probably never have beheld, had they not been travelling on—what ?—why, the railway.

We intend no disrespect to the honest merchants, great and small, of our native land. We are fully aware that they have no time for studying, and that worldly affairs must be looked after ; but, at the same time, as we have no time for business, and are solely interested in gleaning a few handfuls of information wherever a crop has been produced, we shall expect a similar indulgence from them.

Now we are not travelling by rail, nor are we so greatly interested in the church as in the churchyard. We are simply visitors in the country, and consequently travel as much as possible on foot, that being the best and only way to enjoy country scenes. In our rambles the very first object that we inspect is the village church, as much perhaps

from curiosity as veneration ; and then we proceed to read the inscriptions on the stones and monuments, being incited thereto by the very natural desire of learning something about those who have gone before us. In the course of these visitations, we have been struck with many and singular ideas, occasioned by the meaning intended to be represented by the epitaphs, and the meaning actually conveyed by them, and we shall now deliver a brief charge ; previously warning those who may be inclined to be captious, that our remarks affect only the living, and in no way touch the dead. Being directed against no particular person or place, our criticisms will be mostly harmless and entirely well meant.

Judging from the short histories recorded on the tombs, we might imagine the occupants of them to have been among the best people that ever lived, and that no one of doubtful character was ever brought within the sacred confines ; at any rate, we never viewed a monument that kept alive, what were better buried with him, the deeds of a man who only benefited his fellow creatures by ceasing to live.

Then, again, from the general terms of endearment, so plentifully bestowed on every side, one might suppose the natural feelings to be quite different from what they are ; that hatred, cruelty, and misery prevailed to a much greater extent, than love, pity, and happiness.

And, once more, from the trouble taken to tell the world that such a person was a friend to the poor, we might think that poverty had numerous enemies, was seldom relieved, and even regarded as a curse.

There is one thing more that is entitled to notice, and we mark it with our severest displeasure. It is the fact that the church yard in these times, is very unlike what it was a few years ago. It is now made a place of trade ; the receptacles of the dead helping to adorn the abodes of the living. What

thoughts arise on beholding *the advertisement* of the mason or sculptor subjoined to the lamentation of a parent for an only child? Disreputable as it may seem, the practice is common ; and, what is worse, is becoming more so. With the expression of our great disapprobation we quit this part of our subject, hoping that when we next speak of such solemn matters, there may be no occasion to repeat our censure.

"To laugh were want of goodness, and of grace ;
And to be grave exceeds all power of face."

Pope.

We have received the following letter from a source upon which we can rely with the greatest confidence. It is necessary to state this much ; for the circumstance detailed appears so singular, that many would be inclined to doubt its authenticity. After directing attention to the above couplet, which we have ourselves selected, we cannot do better than publish the letter at large ; complying however, with the request of the writer, that his name and residence may not be made known.

Sir,

Your readers have most likely heard of the simplicity of a rustic funeral ; of the becoming order with which it takes place, the homely garb of the mourners, the real sorrow manifested in their honest faces, the gravity of their steps ; of the impressive meeting of the clergyman and the corpse, the beautiful opening of our Burial Service, the stillness of every thing and every body during the whole ceremony, the glorious and cheering funeral sermon of St Paul ; of the solemn moment when the words, "earth to earth," are thrice repeated, in sense though not in sound ; and when the act of casting the earth, by some standing by, is

done thrice also ; the affectionate look at the coffin, and the return homeward of the living, made lonely by the absence of the dead.

Such scenes are often beheld, in actual life as well as in ideal poetry. Here truth is much better than fiction. Let any one attend a funeral in the country, and afterwards read the finest description of one that has ever been penned ; and then let him say which has affected him most, the real case or the imaginary.

As some of your readers may not have many opportunities of seeing country life—and death—and can only know what occurs by means of the press, I shall be very glad to mention, with your permission, an incident that has very lately come under my notice.

During my residence at a country vicarage in E——shire, I was in the habit of taking a walk after tea ; and, upon one of these occasions, I was overtaken by the clergyman, who said he was then on his way to bury one of his parishioners.

We walked together as far as the church, and in the village saw several persons who were evidently waiting for the arrival of the funeral, intending to show their respect to the departed by joining the procession. They had to tarry a little longer than they had expected, as my friend had just before told me that the funeral was delayed by an accident. Your readers will probably be as unprepared to hear of this, as I was. The misfortune arose in this manner. The body was more than a mile distant from the Church, and had to be conveyed thither in a cart, the mourners walking behind. So far, so good ; but the rest of the affair was not ordered so well. In the front of the cart were placed, rather oddly, to be sure, two beer-barrels, which were to be filled in the village ; whether to regale the friends of the deceased on their return, or to save carriage, I could

not find out. They had gone some distance when they came to a steep hill, down which it behoved them to go very carefully, as the load was not a light one. The brow of the hill was passed, and they were now in a very difficult part of the road. The horse changed his walk into something like a slow trot, thereby causing a considerable bumping and shaking, which set the two tubs nodding and dancing like a pair of half witted, good humored creatures. After dancing a reel or two they appeared to join hands, and then take a run upon the horse's back, where, their footing being insecure, they parted company and alighted upon the ground, and then had a race down the hill. The horse, before astonished at the unsteady motion in the cart, was still more alarmed by the thumps on his back; and his alarm was raised to terror, when he saw his tormentors running one on each side of him. He thereupon showed his fears at the wondrous contest, or his anxiety to take part in it, or his indignation at the unseemly appearance, by several active attempts to quit the rest of his burden. This further movement aroused the females, who could only contribute their voices to the ball which had begun so unexpectedly; and this they did with the greatest goodwill, setting up such a shrill treble as to alarm my friend who was somewhat in advance.

After quieting the disturbance, and pointing out the impropriety of turning a hearse into a brewer's dray, he left them and joined me.

Should you think my letter worth inserting, I will send some more remarks upon country affairs; but trust that, in the meantime, you may receive more interesting matters from your other readers.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, faithfully.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

"Do not affect terms of art on every occasion."

WATTS.

It is the custom of many people, from a desire to appear learned, to make use of words that belong properly and exclusively to science, not only in their writings, but also in their ordinary discourse; and technical phrases are introduced by them with the same easiness and assurance, as were formerly quotations from the classical authors. In those days a book, especially if it passed for a learned one, contained about as much Latin and Greek as English; and for a man to be able to read or understand his mother tongue, it was necessary that he should be well acquainted with two or three others. Such writers were really, but no doubt unintentionally, guilty of the greatest insult towards their readers. For what do those extracts show? They show that the author of a book considered his readers quite ignorant of, or very imperfectly acquainted with, the passages which he had taken such trouble to bring bodily before them; or that he thought them so indolent, that mere references would have been utterly useless, if they had been inserted. This practice, however, flourished and decayed; and any attempt to revive it, would be justly deemed a mark of pedantry. We say *decayed*, for it is not yet quite extinct, but lingers under other forms in print, in writing, and even in speaking.

Before making any remarks on the impropriety of dragging scientific terms into common conversation, it may be well to notice some of them in their genuine simplicity; and from the gracefulness with which they appear in their native quarters, we shall be better able to judge of their beauty when transplanted into foreign regions.

The legal profession, so tenacious of antiquated absurdities, is the great field for brilliant displays of learning. Perhaps no writer is so great a plagiarist, so little original, as one connected with the Law. It has been said that "a good lawyer is a bad historian," an observation which is no doubt to be applied to his style and not to his matter. From the carefulness with which common English has been turned into uncommon Latin, by the gentleman of the bar, or, to speak accurately, by their professional ancestors, we might think that judgment and justice were unknown to our ingenuous forefathers, and resided only at Rome, whence they are fetched as needed, in quantities great or small. What would the *slashing* Bentley have done with such learned slang as the following? Cottagium, a cottage; murderum, murder; placetum, a place; shopa, a shop; thingus, a thing; watergangium, a watergang; ire ad largum, to go at large; noka terræ, a nook of land.

It must have required a deep knowledge of the beauties of Virgil and Horace, and an exact acquaintance with Cicero, to dig and bring up treasures like these. Imagine the toil a man must undergo, to make himself master of the works in which these riches are found.

There might be some excuse, if the meaning could not be given in sterling English; and why is not "Have carcass" as good and expressive, as "Habeas corpus?" Are terms such as the above, worth any thing at all in their natural soil? Is it worth while to transplant them? If they make a man learned in the law ridiculous, what will be the effect on a man unlearned in it?

The press, the guardian of our language, and also the spoiler of it, often coins phrases for the good of the community; which when they have obtained a brisk circulation in print, come to be adopted as

words of mouth. Water, in the hands of the gentlemen who attend fires, is no longer water, it is "the antagonistic element;" just as fire is fire only till they reach the spot, when it suddenly becomes "the devouring, the ravaging, the devastating element." Many a gentleman, eager to see his name brought under the eye of the public, and to enjoy the surprise of his wife and family on their beholding it in print, sends a letter to a newspaper, no matter on what subject; whether it be the moustrous birth of cat, dog, or pig; or a squabble with a cabman, on a railway official; caused by his own stupidity; but, knowing the worthlessness of his communication, and nervously anxious for its appearance, he seeks to win the good offices of the editor, by "hoping he may be allowed a small part of the invaluable space in his very interesting and highly circulated journal." A man of this kind would no more venture to begin his letter without this fulsome nonsense, than he would think of being Prime Minister: he believes it, the editor sneers at it, the public laugh at it. Let us look into the stock in trade of periodicals. It consists in a great measure, of such *stuffs* as these, "among those present, or on the platform, we observed," "we regret to announce," "that very active and intelligent officer," "Mr. So and so, with his usual kindness, or accustomed liberality," "tremendous conflagration," "alarming accident," "mysterious or awful death," and so forth. A newspaper that came out without some of these headings, would be a novelty. From the press they are borrowed by public speakers, and so handed down to their listeners by whom they are carefully retailed.

The use of terms that are peculiar to science and art in familiar language, is much to be blamed, it adds no dignity to the speaker, and affords no instruction to the hearer; it betrays ignorance and raises contempt. The shorter a word is, the better,

Who would not prefer oily to oleaginous, bleeding to venesection, light to illumination, and fire to conflagration? those who think they display their wisdom by the use of high sounding words, at unseasonable times and on improper occasions, should remember that the absence of the use of words is not necessary to the absence of the knowledge of them.

Idealism.

Knowing that the pages of the Album are open for the discussion of subjects calculated to improve as well as to amuse, I will venture to present its readers with a few remarks on a subject of abstract mental philosophy.

The *Ideal* or *Representative* theory of perception has been the most strenuously supported and widely received of any that have been advanced as to the manner of perceiving external objects and the nature of the object perceived.

From a reference to the supporters of this theory, it is clear that it required a much more majestic form under the fostering care of Berkley and Hume than it possessed when proposed by Plato or taught by Aristotle. As the acorn contains the germ of a tree, which when fully grown raises its head aloft and bids defiance to the raging tempest, so the *idea* of Plato or Aristotle is the parent of the system, which, if true, would destroy all things material and spiritual. If the doctrine has any plausibility at all, it is in reference to perception by the sight. Every one knows it is difficult to form a conception of the likeness of an object which he has not seen. Who ever saw an odour? who ever saw a sound? who ever saw a taste? who ever saw a feeling? Even the idealist must answer, "no man;" and yet he tells me when I perceive a sound, as I think it is,

I perceive it only by an image of it formed in my brain. I can easily conceive how a seal leaves upon the plastic wax an impression of the figure that has been graven on it, but I cannot think how a facsimile of a sound can be impressed on my brain. A similar difficulty is presented in the case of the other senses. This is the grosser form of idealism according to which the idea is material, and must be provided with comfortable lodgings. What is a more refined idealism which teaches that the idea or image is not material, but is formed in the mind. According to this doctrine when I drink a glass of wine I do not perceive the taste of the wine; but an immaterial image of the taste is formed in my mind. In other words I come to know the existence of the wine (which has only an imaginary existence) through the medium of the idea formed in my mind. Here there seems to me to be an inexplicable difficulty, which I challenge the idealist to solve, if he can perform an impossibility.

Both these views are equally far from the truth, and, if carried out fully, lead to the same consequences. It matters not whether I believe the idea to be material or immaterial, in the mind or out of it, to be an idealist, *non in nomine, sed in re*, I must be a *sceptic*.

The results to which an adherence to the doctrine leads are absurd, and necessarily so. Reid who once firmly believed in this theory was the first among philosophers to abandon it. Being aroused by the startling announcement of Berkley and Hume he proved idealism to be unfounded as "the baseless fabric of a vision."

(To be continued.)

THE ALBUM.

No. 6. OCTOBER 1854. VOL. II.

Idealism.

Concluded from our last.

As Newton would not give in to the notions of the ancients concerning the planets, which they said, wheeled their courses in whirlpools of ether, because he had no proof of the existence of this ether, so Reid would not yield to the notions of those who said, the mind perceives directly only ideas, because he could not discover these intellectual pictures ; and in the spirit of a true Newtonian disciple he rejected them, and denied their existence, because it wanted convincing evidence. Why do I say, the necessary consequence of idealism is an absurdity ? Because it teaches that matter and mind have no existence, but are momentary beings (if I may use the word beings) produced when their possessor utters his creative voice and says, "let ideas be," and annihilated when he has served the purpose for which he spoke them into living. "This," says Reid, "is manifestly contrary to the principles of common sense, and is therefore absurd." It teaches us to

believe that those bright luminaries which form the garniture of the sky—that the earth and all that it contains—that the friends with whom we associated in the amusements of youth, and in whose company we delighted in more advanced years, have no existence save when we contemplate them, and that even then they are only shadowy creatures bodily or spiritual as we please. It follows from this when a number of individuals think of the same thing at the same time, that object must have as many separate existences as there are minds to think of it. In this manner idealism annihilates the material world, and represents all men but “the favoured few” who believe in it, as the voluntary subjects of continual imposition and gross delusion.

But not only does it blot that body out of existence, it also necessarily undermines our belief in the being of mind, and renders it a nonentity. It tells us that all our desires—all our hopes—all our fears are only ideas, and cannot exist after we cease to think of them. Thus it has overturned all that mankind in general were accustomed to look upon, not as mere imaginary shadows, but as realities, and it leaves nothing but self-created phantoms floating in the vast inane.

In a figurative sense the idealist can say in the words of the poet——

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.”

PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

According to the Westminster divines, “prayer is the offering up of our desires unto God for things agreeable to his will, with confession of our sins, and thankful acknowledgement of His mercies.” It

is one of the most exalted exercises in which the soul of man, that unites him with the glorious intelligences which surround the throne of the Eternal, can engage. Guided by the eye of Faith the soul of the believer soars sublime into regions whose confines are beyond the ken of the most powerful telescope whose tube has ever been directed heavenwards, it rises into the third heavens in which Deity sits enthroned in glory. The ascent of faithful prayer is no imagination flight like that of the enraptured poet, when fancy takes her wildest flight; it is a reality; rising from a real foundation, it reaches to a reality which is the omnipotent omniscient, and omnipresent God. The whole soul is engaged in prayer, which renders the exercise more agreeable and improving.

Over none of the parts of the Christian religion has scepticism been more successful in achieving self-created, but unreal triumphs, than over prayer. "If" says the sceptic "God, as you hold, is unchangeable, and if He has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, what, I would like to know is the use of prayer? Do you hope to change the unchangeable? Are you so simple as to attempt an impossibility?" The man who asks these questions is guilty of foolish action, and is chargeable with an inconsistency as great as that alluded to by the Apostle in the words, "Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" I would attempt to shew the sceptic the absurdity of his questions, by asking others. Proceeding on the assumption which he yields, that there is a God, and He governs the world by unalterable laws, I ask him, if it be pre-determined of God that he shall attain the age of threescore years and ten, why does he trouble himself three or four times daily with taking food? If sick, why does he take medicine? If God is unchangeable, and if He has said, "seed-time and harvest shall not cease," why as a farmer does he

cultivate his land ? Candour, (if he have it, I doubt much if a sceptic have) forbids him to commit himself for an answer either affirmative or negative. So he attempts to evade by saying my questions are not parallel to his. He says, "I do all the things to which you refer of myself, I do not ask God to do them for me, I ask him not for the food I eat, I pray not for the medicine, which cures my diseases, I do the work of my farm, or have it done for me ; but in prayer you ask God to change. For example, when you ask Him to free you from death, which he has established as the punishment of sin, you ask him to change." I do not,—I ask only what He has promised to give to them who believe on Christ, who has borne the curse. The sceptic continues "I am bound by a law of nature to take food to support me, and to take medicine to cure me—and it is a law of nature that I must cultivate my farm or I shall not have a crop." Nature, forsooth ! they are the laws of God who ruleth over nature and carrieth into execution the laws He has enacted for her government. It is just as much a law ordained of God, that believing prayer shall be answered, as that God will nourish, medicine cure, or seed produce a crop.

Means in the natural world must be used to produce a required result ; and not less requisite are they in the moral world. Prayer is one of the means in the latter, but being spiritual its utility is not discernable by the sceptic, because he is carnal. "Ask and ye shall receive," is as true as sow, and ye shall reap. The one is as much an ordinance of God as the other. If it be ordained that being raised out of squalid poverty, I shall become rich, am I to fold my arms in listless indifference and idleness ? Did I tell the world I would do so, it would pronounce me to be a fool, and justly too. The two sons, when told by their dying father that a great treasure was concealed in his farm, immediately after the funeral

of their beloved parent, set to work to search for the hidden wealth. They toiled hard day after day from early morn till dewy eve, upturning every field. So with the gold-seekers of our own day, when told the precious metal is to be found in certain places, they set out for the gold-concealing tract, and work with might and main to remove the covering which hides the yellow god from their anxious eye. Now God has said there is pardon for guilt, love for hate, liberty for slavery, life for death, happiness for misery, which are to be obtained by "the prayer of faith." If we are as wise in religion as the world is in amassing wealth, if we are as anxious about our souls as the world is about the body, we shall assuredly use diligently the means God has put in our power for obtaining wealth more precious than "all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

The method of answering prayer is represented differently by different writers. It may be, prayer and its answer are joined as cause and effect, or antecedent and consequent. This opinion does not leave to God the discretion He should exercise, still it is a beautiful view of the subject. Or it may be the answer to prayer is effected by a Divine interposition among physical agents beyond the limit to which human sagacity can trace the operation of a law. This view if it cannot be established, can never be disposed. Both theories show it is possible for God to answer prayer; and if no more than hypotheses they serve, as Dr. Chalmers said, "to take the edge of a plausible argument." If it be asked, how does God answer prayer? I reply, in the language of a learned modern writer, "by the skillful prearrangement of His providence where by the needful events fall out at the very time and in the way required." The answer is by the foreordination of God, who "seeth the end from the beginning," when he established the constitution of the world, and set all

its points in order. As events may be joined by a natural tie, so prayer and its answer are joined by a religious tie. In this way God may answer prayer without disturbing or interfering with the laws of nature, and without doing violence to His own immutability.

Prayer has a most beneficent reflex influence upon the character. In times of difficulty, prayer soothes the troubled soul, and tends to assimilate the character to the pattern of heaven, it asks for great things ; but they are not greater than God can bestow ; for, says Paul of him, "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think ;"—and as it aims at heaven, it tends to bring us nearer to heaven if it cannot bring heaven nearer to us.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
The Christian's vital health."

SIMPLEX.

THE ADAPTATION OF MAN TO THE WORLD IN WHICH HE LIVES.

There are many wonders in nature but it has been often and truly remarked that there is nothing more wonderful than man. The man who beholds with astonishment the revolution of the sun and moon, the wandering courses of the planets, and the glittering orbs of the innumerable stars that stud the heavens, can, by descending from his aerial flight and directing his mind's eye to his own constitution either mental or physical, find an object well fitted to engage his most serious reflections. True if the mind be the object of our contemplation, the investigation will be one of the most difficult kind, since in that case it is both the experimenter and that on which the experiment is performed, yet if succes-

fully conducted it will be productive of no less advantage than pleasure. In surveying the innumerable creation we find unmistakeable proofs of the power and wisdom of Him who spoke the word and worlds sprung up at his bidding, in our own constitutions we find added to these the surest indications of goodness and mercy. The bodily structure and organization of man are most nicely adapted to the world he inhabits and the state of things amid which he exists. If we were removed to some of the larger planets of our system or even if the structure of our bodies were considerably altered on our own, our existence would be in the highest degree miserable. The elastic step of youth would become the tardy movement of old age, and the slightest obstacle would be sufficient to retard our progress; while the number of dangers to which we should be exposed would be innumerably multiplied. Again we can easily conceive that we might have been so constituted that the different sensations we receive from external objects, instead of being imperceptably passed over, or productive only of pleasureable emotions, would have been the source of infinite pain and annoyance. The eye, that most beautiful piece of mechanism might in the discharge of its functions, have been dazzled and pained by the rays proceeding from the various bodies that make an impression upon it. Had it been capable of the extended view of the telescope or of the minute inspection of the microscope, our powers of sight would have been greatly embarrassed, and rendered useless in the common affairs of life. The conformation of the ear and its adaptation to the reception of sound might have caused the softest vibrations create the most jarring and discordant sounds. We should not in that case have been charmed by the sweet sounds of the human voice, or the harmonious strains of the

well-tuned instrument ; the interchange of ideas so pleasant and agreeable, would on account of the very sensations caused by their utterance have been a most irksome burden. The senses of smell, and taste while they serve to preserve us from what is injurious to the human frame, minister also to the comfort and gratification of man. This might have been reversed ; and we might have experienced the greatest pain in taking that which is necessary for our existence. The instances are innumerable that might be adduced to prove the power wisdom and goodness, of God displayed in the adaptation of man to the state of things in which he is placed. We shall only bring forward another.

There is a more powerful controller of the actions and passions of mankind than habit. That there is such a principle implanted in the nature of man shows in a most convincing manner the benevolence of God. The force of habit no doubt, often exercises a pernicious influence. But this results from the fallen and corrupted state of our nature which often converts into a curse, that which in man's primitive state of purity would have constituted his greatest blessing. We very rarely see a son of drunken parents who has been brought up solely under their superintendence turn out a useful member of society.

The man who has not travelled more than a few miles from his native village, and has not had the opportunity of observing the customs and practices of other people becomes so habituated to his own mode of thought and that of those around him, that he often falls a victim to narrow minded prejudices or superstitious thoughts. Yet such is the constitution of man that this principle is eminently advantageous. It enables him to bear with ease and even take a pleasure in pursuits which at first may have been repugnant to his feelings. The daily

discharge of duty becomes more agreeable every time it is performed. This principle coming to the aid of the noble hearted philanthropist enables him to set at nought the finger of scorn ; which at the commencement of his career may have caused him so much pain, and to proceed in that course of duty which is clearly pointed out to him by the word of God.

A. Z.

THE RESURRECTION OF OUR DEAR LORD:

What a solemn and important time was that when the kind and ever merciful Redeemer after his cruel crucifixion was lying "in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid."

The raising up of him whom God hath "exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins," we consider the earnest, the pledge yea, even the proof of the resurrection of our vile bodies, for St Paul says that God did not raise Christ up "*if so be that the dead rise not,*" and that they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished," which is impossible, John. x. 28. but continues the Apostle as if to discontinue such erroneous and dismal ideas as these "*now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.*"

'As we have borne the image of the earthy we shall also bear the image of the heavenly'—"that was *not first* which is spiritual, but that which natural; and *afterward* that which is spiritual." In his epistle to the Romans he saith, "*But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead DWELL in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead SHALL also*

quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that DWELLETH in you." How comforting to us, if so be that the Spirit of God *dwell in us*. But we must not consider that the wicked dead will not also be raised for we read these very words (Acts xxiv. 15) "that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the *just and unjust*." Thus far we see God's will concerning the future, but what joys will be experienced by the dead which die in the Lord, or what torment by those whom the Lord never knew, are both alike ineffable, they have never entered into the heart of man to conceive, much less to express.

Something more than our mere resurrection is effected by Christ's—even our justification; our pardon which was bought at his death was not enough we needed justification which we obtained by his resurrection;—he rose again for our justification.

But who is it that justifies us? It is God that justifieth, even God who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." Rom. iv. 17.

On his resurrection depended our resurrection and on his resurrection our justification. Though this time was solemn and important yet it was not critical or doubtful "because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." Acts ii. 24. In considering thus, we are greatly comforted, because Christ and his people are *one*; as he has risen so shall we; as it was morally impossible that the Saviour should be holden of the bands of death, so it is morally impossible that the saved should; as the head is risen so are the members, else how will that scripture be fulfilled? "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life and I will raise him up at the last day." John vi. 54. We have traced the analogy between Christ's resurrection and his Church's—between the bride's and the bridegroom's, and is such a theme an unprofitable

one for the believer to reflect upon? Is it not encouraging to think that as Christ descended in our likeness in the form of a servant, to be with us, and ascended, so shall we ascend in his likeness to be with him, and not for a time or even times, and half a time, but for ever and ever and ever.

Cautio.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

My dear Sir—Our long projected tour to the North of Scotland being now definitely fixed for the beginning of July, we took our tickets for Aberdeen. Having made but a short stay there (it being our desire not to see cities but nature and its beauties) we took our passage on board a steamer which plies between Edinburgh and Inverness and the intermediate towns. Our voyage was one of short duration and was entirely divested of the monotony inseparably connected with travelling by Sea, by the light-minded Highlanders, who in time to the cheering strains of the violin went through on the deck, some of their native dances. On approaching Nairn the chief town of Nairnshire where we had resolved to land, we found that, the steamer being prevented from reaching the harbour, passengers and goods must be transferred to a boat which was pulled in the direction of the town. We were soon, however, made aware that the water was too shallow to transport our lighter bark to the land, for when about 20 yards from the sand our boat stuck fast. We stared at one another, quite at a loss what was to be done. But we were not left long in suspense. Having rowed thus far the sturdy boatmen each seizing a passenger, no matter of what age size, or sex, bore him on his shoulder and deposited him

safely on terra firma.

After this novel mode of landing we directed our steps towards Cawdor Castle, one of the most interesting and romantic places in the North, of which we shall now endeavour to give a brief description.

The name of Cawdor is derived from the head of the clan of that name, and was originally and according to its Gaelic orthography *Caldar*, but since the lineal descendent has obtained a seat in the British House of Peers, he has changed it into the more English form of Cawdor.

The castle is a strong and massive building, and was erected upwards of 400 years ago, when the feuds between the Highland clans were still at their height; but since that time large additions have been made to it. The legend goes (according to the natives near it) that the chief of the clan wishing to discover the spot best adapted for building his castle on, applied to some of the wise men of the North, whose deliverance was that the proper place would be that on which an ass loaded by him with gold would lie down; that obeying the sage's advice he thus found out the spot which alone was worthy of bearing his name.

Its massive walls, grated windows, and drawbridge thrown over the moat in front of the castle, show that it was not always doomed to its present state of inactivity. The building is apparently very large but like all buildings of the same date has not so much accommodation in the interior, as the exterior promises. It is situated on a rock which juts out into the bed of a stream which flows past it: in the month of July when we visited it, there was barely sufficient water to cover the bed, but at certain seasons the water rushes down with such violence from the mountains as to carry everything before it and has cut for itself in some places a bed of upwards of 100 feet deep. Lord Cawdor divides his

time during the recesses of parliament between his estate here, and other two which he possesses in Wales; and true to the customs of olden times, has allowed neither grate nor coals to be seen in the Castle, but keeps alive the fires by logs of sweet smelling birch. Not the least remarkable of the curiosities of the place is a fountain hard by the Castle from which the servants with evident pride informed us, Lord Cawdor drinks every day with his own hand. The water, which flows from it in copious streams, is so cold in summer as to cause a shiver to come over the body when it is drunk, and so warm in winter as to liquefy snow or ice as soon as they are immersed in it.

The scenery around and near the Castle can scarcely be equalled. It stands peering out from an extensive wood, whose appearance is beautifully diversified by the stately pine, the sturdy oak, and weeping birch, while the view to the South and West is bounded by a lofty range of hills. The woods are intersected by numerous footpaths, which winding along the ravines, which have here and there been formed by the streams that flow down from the mountains, lead to a succession of views of the most enchanting description. The pleasure grounds are very extensive, and although little has been added to their beauty by the hand of art, they possess much of that grandeur which is characteristic only of Highland scenery.

Having spent a few most pleasant days in this neighbourhood, it was not without a certain feeling of regret, that we left those scenes amid which we could have revelled for as many months, and proceeded to Inverness, the place which we had fixed upon as the centre of our future peregrinations.

I am Sir,

yours truly,

Errator.

Sentences.

Our dear Lord loves to see his people, as Joseph loved to see his bretheren and no doubt Joseph bound Simeon before them, and detained him in order to make them all come again to him, that he might see them again. Our blessed Jesus sometimes takes away some comfort to make us come again to him, and when we are in want of bread at Joseph's bretheren, we go, and the Lord restores that which he had taken away.

John viii. 32.—The knowledge of the truth makes us free from darkness—the belief of the truth makes us free from error—holding the truth makes us free from men—walking in it, doing it, or obeying it makes us free from the world—abiding in it makes us free from condemnation—speaking it makes us free from the blood of men—loving it makes us free from sin—and worshipping in it makes us free from the law.

Believers are born from above, their conversation is above, their life above, their affection is above, Col iii. 3. their names are written above, and they sit above in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Eph. ii. 6.

Believers are now transformed by the renewing of their minds Rom xii. 2. but they will soon be transformed by the renewing of their bodies. The resurrection of the saints will be the glorious translation, transformation, and transfiguration of body, soul and spirit.

Christ is our peace, His blood is our pardon, His death is our life, His redemption our hope, His resurrection our justification, His righteousness our clothing, His intercession our preparation, and His name our salvation.

The Bible is only for those who are spiritually born, spiritually taught, and spiritually minded.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF

Thou hast done with earthly things,
 Done with toil and labor here
 Thou hast done with sin that brings,
 Darkness, doubt, distress, and fear.

Thou thy mortal here hast left
 That which pain and suffering found
 Of its spirit now bereft
 It is mould'ring in the ground.

There tis as a seed decaying,
 Hid awhile from human sight,
 Till His mandate swift obeying
 It shall spring again to light.

When this mortal shall have put on
 Its immortal clothing 'fair,
 Then in glorious incorruption
 This corruption shalt appear:

Ah! how pleasant then the meeting
 There in sinless forms renewed
 Joyously each other greeting
 There with endless life endured.

But oh! sweeter still the pleasure
 There to meet in Jesus' sight
 Him our souls exhaustless treasure
 We'll behold in fadeless light;

Nothing there shall dim our vision
 Nor withdraw His smile away
 But of peace the full fruition
 Will partake without decay.

There is a state supremely blest,
 The vestibule of heavenly rest,
 So calm, so bright, so pure, so fair,
 Angels themselves might linger there.
 'Tis not to soar where Newton soared,
 To know all Bacon has explored,
 Not crowns, nor scepters to obtain
 Nor India's gems and gold to gain.
 To reach this clime so seldom trod,
 Is simply to repose on God;
 To cast those soul consuming cares
 On HIM who all creation fears,

Who rolls yon comet o'er this ball
 And gently guides the sparrow's fall
 Him could the soul but fully trust,
 Theretofore of created dust
 It seeks no more but sweetly still.
 Meets bliss in all a father's will;
 Should friends deceive, betray, depart,
 Or wound with scorpion sting's the heart
 'Tis but the voice of mercy's rod,
 To bring, or bind us to our God.

E. C.

TO A YOUNG CHRISTIAN LEAVING FOR A
 FOREIGN LAND.

Go forth in peace! and may that Sun
 Whose rising beams display
 The glories of th' Eternal One
 Shine on thy pilgrim way.

Go forth in strength! for truth to fight
 Yet not with earthly powers
 But take the Spirit's sword of might
 To stand in danger's hour.

Go forth in wisdom! to be wise
 In this world do not seek,
 Seek that which Christ alone supplies
 The wisdom of the meek.

Go forth in love! and may the smile-
 Of the lov'd bridegroom cheer;
 Thy soul to holiness beguile
 And guide thy footsteps there.

Go forth in Jesus! who is made
 To us our wisdom pure.
 Our Righteousness and Strength displayed,
 And our Salvation sure.

H.

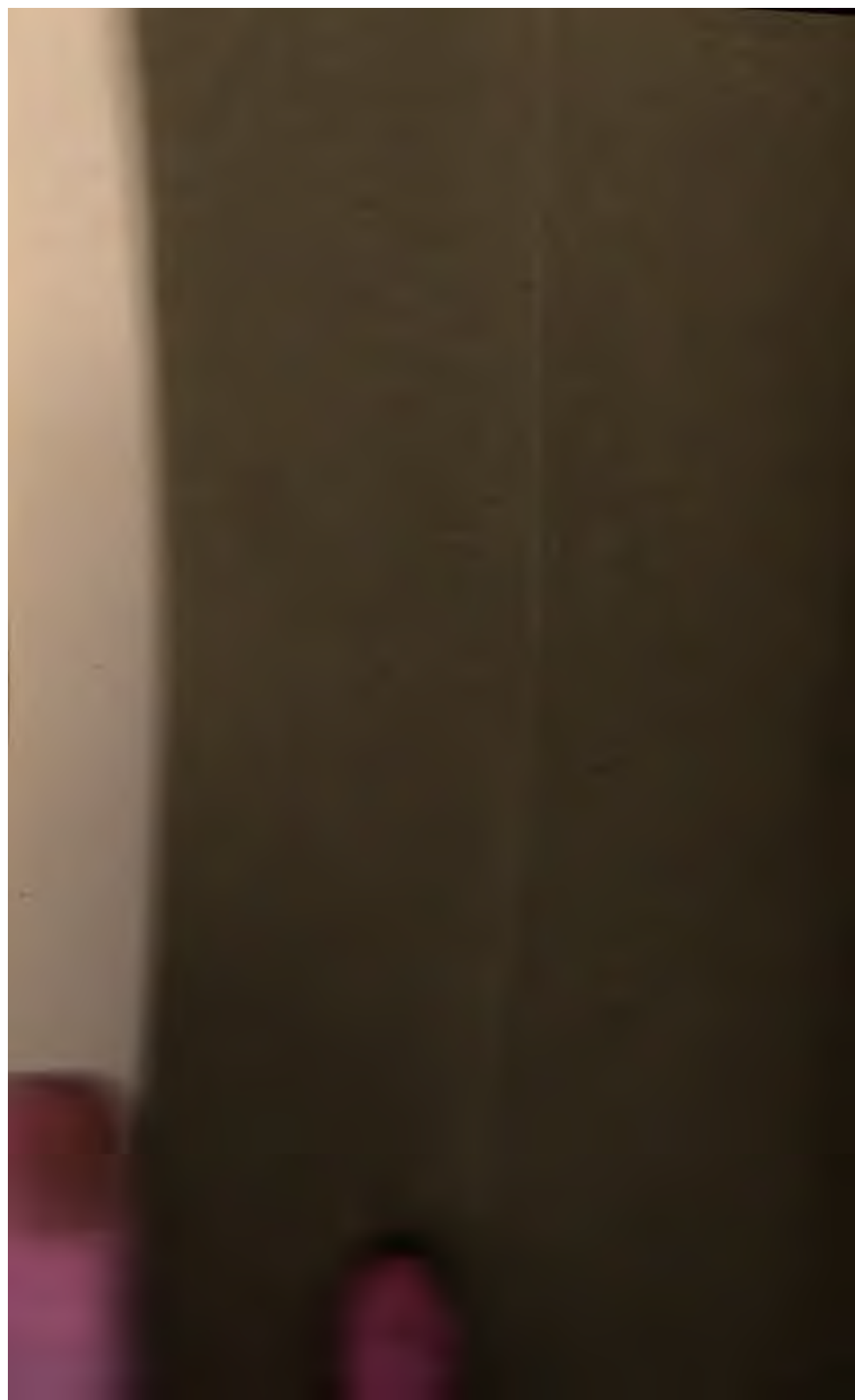
We are very sorry to be obliged to inform the readers of the Album, that this number will close the series, on account of there not having been a sufficient quantity of matter forwarded to continue a regular periodical. This will no doubt be a disappointment to many, but much against our own wishes we bend to necessity.





THE ALBUM.
VOL. II.
A.

THORNTON.
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1864.





the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are obese has increased by 100% (World Health Organization 1997). The prevalence of obesity in the United States has increased from 15% in 1980 to 25% in 1994 (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, the prevalence of obesity has increased from 10% in 1980 to 15% in 1994 (Reilly et al. 1995).

Obesity is a risk factor for a number of chronic diseases, including coronary heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes, and certain types of cancer (World Health Organization 1997). Obesity is also a risk factor for a number of mental health problems, including depression, anxiety, and eating disorders (Reilly et al. 1995). The prevalence of obesity in the United States has increased from 15% in 1980 to 25% in 1994 (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, the prevalence of obesity has increased from 10% in 1980 to 15% in 1994 (Reilly et al. 1995).

Obesity is a complex condition that is caused by a combination of genetic, environmental, and behavioral factors. The prevalence of obesity in the United States has increased from 15% in 1980 to 25% in 1994 (Flegal et al. 1994). In the United Kingdom, the prevalence of obesity has increased from 10% in 1980 to 15% in 1994 (Reilly et al. 1995). Obesity is a risk factor for a number of chronic diseases, including coronary heart disease, stroke, type 2 diabetes, and certain types of cancer (World Health Organization 1997).

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